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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO CHOATE.

DUTY OF MINISTERS TO IGNORE POLITICAL AND GOVERNMENTAL INIQUITY, AND CONFINE THEMSELVES TO THE WORK OF SAVING SOULS!

[Extract from the speech of Hon. RUFUS CHOATE, delivered at the Twenty fifth Anniversary of the Settlement of Nehemiah (Southside) Adams, D.D., over the Essex street Church, in Boston.]

But there is another reason, which I, committing nobody, running the risk of differing from many of you laymen and clergy, but assuming to act for nobody but myself, with your permission, will proceed to give, as a reason, why a sober, conscientious and thoughtful layman might well have attended the worship of this Church. And that is, permit me to say, that we have every one of us assuredly felt, as we came here from Sunday to Sunday, and took our seats in our pew, that we should hear nothing in the world but religion preached from that pulpit, and no manner of politics, State or national, directly or indirectly. We came here, if we came as we professed we did, to hear of those things which pertain to religion, to the salvation of the soul, and to the rest everlasting. And I may be permitted to say for myself that I have uniformly found it to be true, and I have uniformly reconciled—if I needed to reconcile—my own attendance upon this church by the consideration of that truth—I have uniformly found it to be true that I hurt nothing, was assailed by nothing, was secularized by nothing, was defended or attacked by nothing which I had done, nothing for which I had voted or acted in the political world without. All of us spent the week before, and all of us were obliged to spend the week afterwards, more or less in that same heated, heaving political world; there we acted, there we had to debate, there we lost our temper; but I thank my pastor that I am able to say, in the presence of so many, and such respectable clerical friends as these, as those I see about me, that never in an introductory prayer, never in a hymn, occasionally or in the ordinary course of public worship selected, never by any illustration in any sermon, by any train of association, right or wrong, carried back into the world that I had left, and which I should have been willing, for that day at least, to have forgotten forever. Of religion, and a correct moral personal life—of these I came to hear, and of these alone have I ever heard at any time. I have no manner of doubt that there are a great many pulpits in Boston of which the same thing might be said. I do not personally know that it might not be said of every one. I know that it can be truly said of this, and I am thankful to be able to thus publicly state that I know it to be true. And now, since I have mentioned this subject, my friends, may I be permitted, without presuming to complain of anybody, or to dictate to anybody, and still more without assuming to myself to preach *concio ad clerum*, or to preach at all, may I be permitted, on behalf of unInstructed and unprofessional laymen, to say one single word to serious clergymen, on the duty of a rigorous abstinence from politics and from any element which has been connected, in any way, with active party politics on the Lord's Day. I need not say that I have a great deal too much personal respect and love for that profession, in all its denominations, that I too perfectly appreciate the past and present transcendent good they have done to their country and to man, to wish, even if I had it in my power, to abate a tittle of the just respect that is due to them, or to impair in the least degree the just influence which they have acquired and which they possess in this community, still less to intrude into that secret and elevated circle of private judgment which is every man's right. But I will say, I repeat in behalf of laymen, once more, that it is exactly because we love and honor them, it is exactly because we would do everything we can, not merely to pay the allotted salary, but everywhere to preserve to them the influence which the selection of their field of duty has entitled them to exert, that I take the liberty, in the presence of some of them, to say something. Permit me, then, to suggest, in the first place, that he who preaches on politics, or on any topic in the least degree connected with practical party politics, in the pulpit, lays himself under the suspicion, at least from many, *many* laymen, that his motives are not entirely unobjectionable, and that thus he does something or does much to unfit him for the full and perfect performance of the great duty to which he has been solemnly called. I do not say that such a man is not a very bold man; I do not say that he is not a very sincere man; I do not say that he is not as bold and sincere as an old prophet standing up before a king, and, in the eloquence of an expiring nation, denouncing his sins and the sins of his people. But I mean to say that he runs a great risk of being suspected not to be bold and not to be sincere at all. He runs the risk of being suspected, and he is suspected of denouncing a slaveholder, not because he hates the slaveholder or feels that he has anything to do with the business, but because some rich man in his congregation hates slaveholders, and because he pleases him by denouncing them. He runs the risk of being suspected, not of being brave against a danger which is a thousand miles away, but of being a coward and bowing down before a supposed danger that is very near him. He runs the risk of being suspected, not of being bold, to challenge a man who cannot do him any harm, but of challenging that same man because he is afraid that another, who can do him harm, may be found within the reach of his voice. He runs the risk of being suspected, not of braving a danger that may arise from a distant region, and a distant public sentiment, but of being afraid of a public sentiment at hand, that may take the form of a danger, that may risk his salary, or, by possibility, induce the chance of calling a council of dismission. And thus it comes to pass as I submit, and as I have heard it at many times remarked, that this suspicion unfits him to do the duty which we expect of a minister of the gospel, and thus of doing something to violate that great trust which he took upon himself with so much solemnity at his ordination, to let no man despise the ministry so far as he was concerned, and to preserve it for its proper influence in the noble speciality which has been assigned to it. Permit me to give as a second reason, in the pursuit of this same course of thought, that intelligent persons, and very many intelligent persons, are too apt to think that the preacher of politics in the pulpit really does not know his business, and that he is really above or below, or on one side of it, and does not understand his business. We listen to him as we ought to listen, to the utmost extent of the Protestant theory of independent private judgment, when he interprets the Scriptures, when he teaches us morality; when he testifies of eternal providence, and "vindicates the ways of God to man"; when he teaches us that we are all sinners; that our natures are alike degraded; that the retributions of a common eternity are before us all. We listen to him, with respect, and with nothing less than reverence; there his studies and his profession have fitted him for it; there he stands upon his own ground, and within his own charmed circle; there he is master, and we are his implicit disciples; for that exactly we prize and for that exactly we pay him. But when he has left that ground, when he has taken up the occupation of politics, is not his occupation wholly gone? is not his power of instruction substantially gone? The great concrete of practical politics, the workings of our special considerated system, the laws and conditions of our very artificial nationality, will he permit me to inquire whether or not his deep studies, *aliunde et diverso mutatu*, have enabled him to know anything at all of these? As an educated man, as a religious man, as a student of morals, he will know all about the obligations, origin and general direction of the conscience. He will have learned from his Bible that the race of man is of kindred blood, all of it, and he will have learned from his Bible, or from Nature, that all men stand on an equality of right, and responsibility, and duty before God. But how far these glorious generalities are modified and controlled by civil society, of any description, which also is the work of God; how far these rays of light, as Burke beautifully expresses it, come to be refracted, when they go into such a medium as this; how far history shapes all systems, and has shaped our system; how far, for example, the acquisition of a territory—a new fact—by the common blood and common treasure, makes it proper to lay it open to all, or shut it up against some—does he know aught of this? These things pertain to practical statesmanship, and he is no practical statesman, although he is better and holier and higher.

In saying this in the presence of clergymen, do I disparage the clergy? No more, my friends, you will agree with me, than the honest schoolmaster, who was himself a clergyman, disparaged Frederick the Great, at the time when the world was ringing with his victories, by expressing a doubt whether, after all, His Majesty could conjugate the Greek verb in *mi*—exactly because it was not his speciality. *Suum cuique sua in arte credendum est.* You remember how finely Goldsmith recognizes that rule in his "Retaliation." Speaking of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who stood at the head of his profession, the most tolerant, the most modest, the most inquiring of men—and Goldsmith describes him as exhibiting that same character at the Club, in society, everywhere; but he says that wherever any one who was conversing with him began to talk

"Of their Raphaels, Corregios and stuff,
He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff."

Let me ask my clerical friends, again speaking for laymen, whether they think it to be quite fair play between man and man to catch a parishioner in his pew, silent and still, by custom, decorum, and the manners of New England, and turn upon him every eye in the congregation for the politics he practises and for the party to which he has attached himself? Is it quite right—as a clerical friend now in my eye expressed it in a sermon some time ago, in every word of which it gives me pleasure to agree—that he should find himself suddenly plunged—as a man finds himself in a snow bank—into a caucus? I put it to you if it is fair, manly, moral, honest? Is it not cruel, and cowardly, so to treat an individual man? But while I hate and despise all manner of cant in religion or in politics, and while I do not think the *ad hominem* argument a very good method for the discovery of truth, in logic or out of it, let me, in the hearing of some of the clergy, venture to suggest that the preacher, of whatsoever faith, who thus overflows his banks upon any element connected in the remotest degree with the party considerations or organizations of the day runs a great chance of hindering the salvation of that very soul which he has been ordained to promote and secure. They tell us, every one of them, that the salvation of the soul is the highest concern of man; they tell us, every one of them, that nothing on earth or in heaven can be compared with it, to the individual in its consequences.

There is sometimes upon their lips that tremendous expression—whatever it means in the original—"the salvation of the soul is precious, and it ceases forever." And yet do they not endanger their soul for ever? The layman has no chance except on Sunday, and they rob him of that Sunday; through the week he has been anxious, busy, troubled, and he comes here on Sunday as a man goes into his house at night time for rest and instruction. The Sunday is all he has, and you take away that Sunday; it is for you of that profession to say, it is for us to say, on behalf of laymen, whether that is or is not consistent with the character of a preacher of Religion. Remember the very first word he hears in prayer, the very first word he hears in a hymn selected to be sung, however well it may be sung, and by whatever choir, the very first illustration in the sermon to which he may listen, sends him away gloomy and irritable, turns the whole service into a political mockery, and awakens a train of reflection that renders him from first to last inaccessible to the truth, closes his ear to the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely on that day. I repeat, then, Sunday is all that such a layman has, and the preacher of politics has robbed him of that Sunday.

I do not know very well why I have fallen on this train of thought, and it is high time to have done. Let us close as we began. Let us unite in the wish that our children, and our children's children, when they come into this house on Sunday, may know as we have always known, and feel as we have always felt, that nothing but religion will be heard from this pulpit; that nothing shall enter here that cannot enter and abide in that higher and better temple of God, to which Religion points us, and to which Religion should conduct. Let us find, and our children and children's children find here, or in other houses of worship, exactly and merely this. Let us, as far as we may, avail ourselves of all the privileges which this Bethel affords; and if we fail to avail ourselves of those privileges and of the teachings of this pulpit, may that venerable and beloved pastor be able to say, with his last words, as ever to us, "I am innocent of your blood."

THE GREATER EXCOMMUNICATION.

From The Independent.

It is with peculiar emotions that we announce to our readers the public and formal excommunication of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher from the anti-slavery ranks. The sentence is pronounced by that high priest of the Garrison sect, S. S. Foster, in THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD of March 5th. The grounds of this action are that "*practically*, he [Mr. B.] has always turned his back upon the platform of the Anti-Slavery Society, and has stood with its most malignant foes." As Mr. Foster indignantly says:

"Meanly leaving us to fight alone the great battle of freedom, in which he would have us believe he also feels a deep interest. It is logically certain, therefore, that he either does not act for the slave at all, or, acting for him from interested and selfish motives, he does it in direct violation of his own theory and convictions. In either case I think the slave has occasion to pray, 'From such a friend, good Lord, deliver us,' and I, for one, cannot refrain from joining in the prayer."

This excommunication is to take effect until such time as Mr. Beecher shall avow his willingness to stand side by side with Messrs. Garrison and Foster upon their platform. "So long as he shall continue to turn his back upon us, and to consort with the slave's worst enemies, it seems to me but the dictate of common sense, and of Christian charity, to regard him as a man devoid of principle, and unworthy of our confidence and respect."

The editor of THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD attempts to remonstrate against this summary excommunication of Mr. Beecher for a mere difference of opinion as to the best *mode* of using his influence against slavery. As to the platform which Mr. Foster makes "the one infallible test of the genuineness of every man's anti-slavery professions," the editor says:

"This test seems to us arbitrary, inconsequential, unreasonable, absurd, preposterous. We protest against it with the united force of instinct and reflection, in the name of conscience and common sense, and in the interest of the cause we are set to defend. It is the duty of every man to be thoroughly and uncompromisingly opposed to slavery; to hold no relations, social, political, or ecclesiastical, that involve complicity therewith; to testify against it continually in whatever sphere of life he may be called to move, and to aid in the diffusion of sound anti-slavery principles. Failing in either of these particulars, he will deserve rebuke. But every man has the right to judge for himself whether he can best serve the cause in or out of any particular society, or on or off of any platform that such a Society may erect. We may think he errs in judgment upon this point, and the circumstances might be such as to give us reasonable ground to fear, if not to suspect, that he is swayed by improper motives; but the *fact itself* that he does not choose to stand upon this or that platform, even while he approves the defined conditions of co-operation which it presents, is not by any means conclusive evidence of insincerity. Nor, on the other hand, is the coming upon the platform conclusive evidence of honesty. There are, doubtless, many true-hearted friends of the slave who never stood upon our platform, and we fear there are not a few who have often been there and who are yet unworthy of confidence. Mr. Foster's test, therefore, is as worthless as it is absurd. Undoubtedly it is our duty to co-operate with others in efforts to abolish slavery, but the best *mode* of such co-operation must be determined by every man for himself. It is not necessary, in all cases, in order to co-operate with others, to join with them in a society or stand with them upon any particular platform."

This is very good sense; but had the same reasoning appeared in *The Independent*, THE STANDARD would have denounced it as "pro-slavery" sophistry. Indeed, as if afraid of its own utterances, the same number of that journal volunteers a denunciation of Mr. Beecher because he does not adopt Dr. Cheever's "mode" of combating slavery. It says:

"Dr. Cheever's friends assert that even Henry Ward Beecher, who might naturally be expected to stand by him, has never cheered him by one sympathizing word, while he has refused to co-operate in measures to encourage and sustain him in the desperate struggle with the minions of the Slave Power. These statements, if true, are highly discreditable to Mr. Beecher, who ought to discern and appreciate Dr. Cheever's heroic position and not shrink from the responsibility of giving him needed aid. The withdrawal of a considerable number of the wealthiest members of his Church, and the implied moral disavowment of their course by the council, has, as might be expected, put Dr. Cheever and those who sustain him in a position of much embarrassment; and it is clearly the duty, as it should be the joy, of the friends of a pure Christianity to help them in their struggle to maintain an unshackled pulpit in this pro-slavery city."

Now, the simple fact is, that Mr. Beecher secured, ten years ago, in Plymouth Church, what Dr. Cheever has for three years past been laboring to secure in the Church of the Puritans; viz., a pulpit "unshackled" on the subject of slavery. Indeed, almost every Congregational pastor in New York and Brooklyn has long since secured for himself the position of manly Christian independence on this subject which Dr. Cheever is laboring to maintain. There is not one of them who does not have and use his Christian liberty to expose the sinfulness of holding men as chattels, and the wickedness of any voluntary complicity with slavery. Some of these pastors, years ago, demonstrated that Abraham was not a slaveholder, and that the Bible gives no warrant for the system of American slavery. Some of these pastors have warred a good warfare in maintaining the freedom and purity of the Gospel in this matter, and, against denunciation and outcry and calumny, have held their ground and gained their cause. There are diversities of gifts and operations under the same Spirit; and each pastor must judge of his own duty in his own field. One can say more, and more to the purpose, against slavery, in a single head of a discourse, than another can in a whole sermon. One can effect more by an occasional well-timed sermon; another by ceaseless iteration. One can best secure his own independence by creating an outside sentiment to bear upon his Church. Another can accomplish the more courageous and permanent work of *indoctrinating and interpenetrating his own Church with the anti-slavery spirit*, so that instead of resembling those explosive chemicals which are fired off by the least friction, it shall burn with a clear and steady light of testimony against the sin of slavery. No man's gifts, or conscience, or genius can form the rule of action for others. Let each work in his own sphere and way. If Mr. Beecher has found his work easy, let not others envy him. If Dr. Cheever finds his field harder, let not others blame him. If he has found it more difficult to gain the same position with Mr. Beecher and others of his brethren, this may be owing partly to the fact that, years ago, while they were arraying the sentiment of their Churches against all complicity with the chattel-system of the South, he was hardly so conspicuous in this warfare as he has been since 1856, the date which THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD assigns for the beginning of the true anti-slavery spirit. John the Baptist, Peter, and James, and John, and Stephen, had already borne their testimony for Christ in behalf of the oppressed, when Paul appeared with the fervor of his zeal and the fire of his logic, mightily convincing men out of the Scriptures. Perhaps Paul has been raised up for a special missionary work which needs to be accomplished in this matter.

If the Church of the Puritans need financial aid to help them in the struggle to keep their *own* pulpit unshackled, we trust that this will not be wanting. We learn, however, that the financial embarrassments of which THE STANDARD speaks have already been removed by the efficient measures of the Society for cancelling its debt. But the freedom of the pulpit and the independence of the ministry in testifying against slavery do not hinge upon the technicalities of their conflict. There are pulpits hereabouts which have been for years "unshackled" and "unmuzzled" upon the sin of slavery; there are ministers who are "thoroughly and uncompromisingly opposed to slavery," who have no manner of "complicity" with it, who "testify against it continually," who, standing on the "platform" of the Gospel, "aid in the diffusion of sound anti-slavery principles," but who, in all this labor for the oppressed, ask nobody's thanks, seek nobody's aid. We regard Mr. Beecher as one of those thorough, uncompromising opponents of slavery, and we do not think he should be expelled from the anti-slavery ranks simply because he declined to intermeddle in the domestic affairs of the Church of the Puritans, while he himself "maintains an unshackled pulpit," with more palpable success, though with less controversial notoriety. We therefore pronounce Mr. Foster's decree of excommunication upon Mr. Beecher, and the implied censure of Mr. B. by THE STANDARD, to be "without warrant and without validity"; and we affectionately recommend him to the entire confidence of all who hate slavery and seek its abolition, as in good and regular standing, and entitled to be so received everywhere.

ANTI-SLAVERY IRRITATION.

There is a class of men—fortunately neither numerous nor influential—who make it a business to travel up and down the land, talking and preaching impracticable things about the extermination of slavery, and pitching into everybody that dares to dissent from their opinion. They are the natural allies of the great boo-hoo party, and as such, and as counter irritants upon Parson Brownlow, Keitt, Toombs, and other fire-eaters, they may perhaps be set down as a part of the community that could not well be dispensed with. These men are represented by Garrison, Phillips, Burleigh, and their followers—denouncers of the Constitution, maligners of the Church, and blasphemers of God, all of them; and hitherto they have been allowed an undisputed monopoly of the so-called "opposition to slavery."

To say that these men have all along been advocating the only safe doctrines in relation to slavery is to insult the wisdom of the entire Northern people, who have repudiated them utterly as demagogues; and to say that they have *not* properly represented the Northern sentiment is to throw discredit upon the proceedings of a meeting of very respectable gentlemen, at Worcester, not long since, where their example seems to have been emulated to a very successful degree. We can only regret that there are Congregational clergymen, or good men of any denomination, however few in number they may be, who should look with an evil eye upon the capital of Garrison & Co., and either attempt an outright robbery of their stock in trade or open negotiations for a partnership—thereby involving, in either event, a destruction of the aforesaid monopoly, which the North has come to regard with so much satisfaction. We say we regret it, and the more because the position of the Churches hitherto on the subject of slavery has been, with rare exceptions, honorable and dignified, just such, in fact, as to give a good moral tone to that awakened public sentiment that proposes merely to restrain an evil that it cannot remove. We can see no good to result from a hundred thousand of such meetings and associations as this one at Worcester that we report this morning; for while a good principle is at the bottom, a false structure has been placed thereon. If there are people who think differently, however, they can read the report in another column and judge for themselves.—*Norwich (Ct.) Courier—a Republican paper!*

CONSEQUENCES OF ABOLITIONISM.

Until abolitionism had reared its ugly head in the North, the tendency of legislation in the Southern States was to emancipation of the blacks and amelioration of their condition. It has been different since, of which fact we have an example in recent action in Missouri. The House of Representatives of that State has passed an act which provides that no slave shall be deemed emancipated until his master shall have entered into bonds in the sum of two thousand dollars to remove the negro within ninety days after the act of emancipation; and if any negro who may thus have been transported from the State shall return, he shall be reduced to slavery. All free negroes who may be residents of the State in eighteen hundred and sixty are declared to be slaves, and the sheriff may sell them. A provision of the bill is that the money arising from the sale of such negroes shall constitute part of the school fund of the State. This bill is in accordance with the doctrine of Mr. Frank P. Blair, Jr., the Black Republican champion who was brought to this State last year and put upon the stump. That is, that a condition of the emancipation of all slaves should be that they should leave the State. That is the doctrine of Frank P. Blair, Jr.; and it cannot be denounced unless he be denounced. But, forty years ago, before the rise of abolitionism, and before it had provoked the South to stringent measures regarding negroes, this would have been deemed severe legislation. The fact is, abolitionism is the worst enemy the negroes have ever had.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Selections.

CAPTAIN BROWN IN IOWA.

"Old Captain Brown of Kansas!" I have set my eyes on this old hero, feared by Missouri invaders and loved by the legions of liberty in Kansas as a father. He had a company of twelve colored people (who I only dare *guess* were once slaves) *en route* for Canada, where I trust they are safe.

To me he is a historic character. In the family simple-hearted as a child, he narrates stirring scenes, placing himself in the background of the picture; while an eye of the most determined expression I ever saw at once supplies what the modesty of the narrator has withheld as personal. He is the impersonation of firmness. Among his company, white and black, with a long, gray beard, and a head frosted with sixty winters, he walks like a patriarch, if that early name implies leadership and devotion.

Those of his company destined for Canada, if not impeded, were to have gone south to Texas. Capt. Brown avows his philosophy to be the showing of Border Ruffians that they have enough to do in taking care of slavery in Missouri, without making a foray on the people of Kansas to establish slavery there against the votes and wishes of that people. As God spares him, he says, he will "deliver the poor that cry," and does not conceal the fact that in open day he conducted out those who dreaded next to death a more Southern prison-house. Two companies of slave-hunters, headed by a marshal, looked upon them, but were not ready to lose their lives in a negro-hunt. Since the exodus, a child was born among them, which was at once named "*Captain John Brown.*"

A reward of $3,000 by the Governor of Missouri for Brown, with the value of his company as chattels, has made him quite a lion through the State of Iowa. The "dirt-eating Democracy" covet the reward, but keep at a good distance from the cold lead, and have no desire to be awed into silence and shame by one glance from the old hero, who feels that God will "cover his head in the day of battle." Stranger than fiction have been his escapes and exploits in Kansas. Combining the gentleness of a Christian, the love of a patriot, and the skill and boldness of a commander, whether ending his career in the quiet of home or in bloody strife, the freemen of Kansas will hallow his memory, and history will name him the Cromwell of our border wars.

How unlike the "Old Brown" sketched with fiendish hate is the man at your fireside. His mouth unpolluted with tobacco; strong drinks abjured; regimen plain; conversation grave, and occupied with pleasant memories of other days. He drops a tear of gratitude on the mention of the practical kindness of Dr. H. to him in the hour of extremity. He recurs to the solid principles and hearty affection of Dr. Osgood of Springfield, on whose ministry he attended for five years. He had a lucrative occupation as wool grower and dealer in Ohio, and gained a medal as exhibitor of wool at the World's Fair; and now finds himself in the "wool business" still, in a land where men find more dreaded foes than the young Hebrew shepherd found in the beasts that took a lamb out of the flock.

I am well informed that the people at Grinnell took care of the company for two days, furnishing them food for their journey, and on Sabbath evening took up a collection for them, as well as on Saturday evening.
—*Independent.* FREEMAN.

CLERICAL CALUMNY.

From The Liberator.

JANE TAYLOR—whose works were held in high esteem by pious people half a century ago, as being well suited to stir up their pure minds by way of remembrance of the things they were most apt to forget and neglect—wrote a small book called "Profession not Principle." It has passed through many editions, received much commendation, and may still be found on the upper shelves of the libraries of elderly people of a serious turn, but is little read at the present day. Since it contains nothing against slavery, and is a work of sedative rather than exciting character, we suggest to the American Tract Society to publish a new edition of it for the special benefit of the clergy, who seem to be preëminently under the dominion of the error which it opposes. Judging by the language of these Reverend gentlemen, ever since philanthropy has been doing those works of Christian reform which the Church left undone, they have held "profession" to be the most essential element, the *sine qua non* of "principle."

The latest instance of the verbal expression of this idea—it is constantly expressed in the *actions* of the clergy—we find in an account, given by the Worcester correspondent of the *Atlas and Bee*, of an address delivered in the Union Church, Worcester, on the evening of the 17th inst., by Rev. Henry T. Cheever of Jewett city, Connecticut, in explanation of the ideas of the new "Church Anti-Slavery Society of the United States," which he had just helped to manufacture. Among the reasons given by this gentleman for the formation of such a Society was the following:

"2. There never has been any distinct Christian or Church Anti-Slavery Society. The American Anti-slavery Society did a great pioneer work, and its originators were men of whom the country might well be proud, but it never was distinctly Christian, and latterly it had come to be mainly guided by men, truly and tho roughly anti-slavery inclined, and so far having our fullest sympathy, but notoriously and avowedly rejectors and opponents of the fundamentals of Christianity. In view of this fact, the 'Church Anti-Slavery Society' meets a long-felt want."

The "long-felt want" here spoken of has been borne by the Reverend gentleman and his associates with exemplary fortitude. They have so effectualy kept their desires, in subjection as to have refrained, for many years, from all outward and visible manifestation of them. The last faint approach towards such a manifestation was seen in this city in May, 1857, when it was announced in the *Transcript* (and also by a written notice posted in the vestibule of the hall where the New England Anti-Slavery Convention were holding their Twenty-seven' Annual Meeting) that a "*Christian* Anti-Slavery Meeting" would be held in Boston, and held (of all places in the world) in Park Street Church.

At this meeting—in which the church-members of Boston showed themselves ready to come together for the examination of slavery to the full capacity of the house, *when the clergy called them*—there was abundance of strong denunciation of slavery, without even the attempt to incite the crowded and attentive audience to organize or act for its immediate abolition, or even the attempt to follow up the impression there made by the appointment of subsequent meetings. The strongest speech on the occasion was made by Rev. George B. Cheever; and this was a declaration that *the voting that all children of slaves should be born free after forty years would be* "THE SIMPLEST REMEDY OF THE WHOLE INIQUITY THAT COULD BE CONCEIVED OF." The selection of the mode of emancipation so very gradual as this for unqualified eulogy—the declaration, by a minister least tainted with compromise of all the holders of the *Christian* Anti-Slavery meeting, that he would be perfectly satisfied to leave the existing four millions of slaves in bondage through their whole lives—is significant and noteworthy; but the question to which we wish now to direct the attention of our readers is—what were the points of diversity, between the Anti-Slavery meetings then simultaneously going on in the Melodeon and in Park Street Church, which caused the holders of the latter to designate it, by way of contrast, the "*Christian* Anti-Slavery Meeting."

The actual points of diversity between the New England Anti-Slavery Convention and the Park Street meeting were these—

1. The former was one link in a chain of operations which has lasted twenty-seven years, and is to last until slavery is abolished, devoting two days every year to the work of discussing principles and measures, and raising funds, to incite the people of the United States to earnest and persistent warfare against slavery.

The latter was a single afternoon meeting, making no arrangement, and expressing no desire, for any further action upon its subject.

2. The former was free to all speakers, seeking the aid of all those who wished to oppose slavery.

The latter was not free at all, and permitted nobody to speak except clergymen, who had previously been selected and invited by other clergymen.

3. The former vindicated, enlarged and strengthened its established system of operations for the diffusion of these ideas and purposes: SLAVEHOLDING IS A SIN AGAINST GOD. NO COMPROMISE WITH SLAVERY!—NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!

The latter warmed its hearers with fervid declamation, and then left their awakened interest to cool and evaporate, without even the attempt to direct it to action.

4. The former called itself, as usual, an "Anti-Slavery Convention."

The latter christened and advertised itself a "*Christian* Anti-Slavery meeting."

Now, since the points just mentioned are the only points of difference between these two meetings, it must be some or all of these upon which is founded the claim of the latter to be considered (in itself, and also by contrast with the former) a *Christian* meeting.

But, in every one of these points, that is to say, in systematic persistency, in freedom, in thoroughness, in practical efficiency, and in appellation, as it seems to us, the Park Street meeting was less satisfactory and less Christian than the other. Yes, even in appellation. For the advertised title of the Park Street meeting would necessarily repel all who do not choose to adopt, or who do not think themselves authorized to adopt, the name of Christian, distinguishing both these classes as uninvited. Whereas the New England Convention, inviting *all* to unite with it in acting against slavery, may gain the co-operation of Jews and infidels as well as of Christians, and, as far as it does gain these, will certainly unite them in a *good* work, the abolition of slavery, and also in a *Christian* work, opposition to a wide-spread and increasing *sin against God*. In view of these considerations, and of the limitations and deficiencies of the Park Street meeting in regard to Anti-Slavery character, its advertised epithet "Christian" seems to have all the hollowness, as well as all the formal pretentiousness, of the Jewish phylactery.

This judgment is corroborated by the fact that no other meeting formerly claimed by advertisement as "Christian Anti-Slavery" has been held from May, 1857, till the advent of the Society recently formed at Worcester.

A meeting with this name was indeed advertised to be held in Boston on Wednesday afternoon of "anniversary week," 1858; but, before that came, it was countermanded, for a specified reason, and since then, nothing has been heard of it. The indifference which did not care to appoint another "Christian Anti-Slavery meeting" in the whole year 1858 is only a fair parallel to the reason given for not holding the advertised one, which was, substantially, that those clergymen who had been selected by their clerical brethren as safest to represent, at the proposed meeting, what they called "Christian Anti-Slavery" had preferred to speak at the anniversary of a pro-slavery organization—the American Tract Society! which was to be held on the same evening.

In the light given by these antecedent movements of Rev. Dr. George B. Cheever and his associates in Boston, let us look at the position of the new organization formed by that gentleman and his associates at Worcester, as expressed, (in the quotation above) by Rev. Henry T. Cheever in that city, in the first meeting held under the auspices of the "Church Anti-Slavery Society of the United States."

This Reverend gentleman says—"There never has been any distinct Christian or Church Anti-Slavery Society." And again—"the American Anti-Slavery Society * * * never was distinctly Christian." And again—the American Anti-Slavery Society "had latterly come to be mainly guided by men * * * notoriously and avowedly rejectors and opponents of the fundamentals of Christianity."

Passing by the inevitable professional assumption of Rev. Henry T. Cheever, that the adjectives "Christian" and "Church" are absolutely so identical in meaning that each of them necessarily implies the other, we remark that it is unfortunate for the "Church Anti-Slavery Society of the United States" that the chosen representative of its ideas and policy begins his work, in its very first meeting, by misrepresentation and falsehood.

In view of the constitutional basis, the entire history, and the entire official action of the American Anti-Slavery Society, it is utterly absurd, as well as grossly false, to say that it has ever been *other* than "distinctly Christian."

Neither can the Rev. Henry T. Cheever be allowed, unquestioned, to smuggle into this case the theological peculiarities of himself and his little sect, assuming that *they* are to be counted among the "fundamentals of Christianity."

If Christianity is to be analyzed, to be defined by a summary of its constituent parts, we stand upon the summary made (and presented, as such, to his disciples) by its first great teacher, Jesus of Nazareth, in these words: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength; this is the first commandment. And the second is like, namely, this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these." We decline to accept the assumption that any "fundamental" articles remain to be added to this statement; and if the statement needs any commentary, we prefer to take that of Jesus himself, who plainly taught that to love God was to be manifested by good works to the neighbor, and that the neighbor was any man who needed help that we could give.

We therefore call upon the Rev. Henry T. Cheever to produce his evidence of these three things:

Where has the American Anti-Slavery Society, in its official action, ever violated either of these fundamentals of Christianity?

Where has it ever failed to act in accordance with them?

Where have its leaders and guides ever avowedly rejected and opposed them?

Until this representative of the "Church Anti Slavery Society" shall prove, or retract, these charges, we brand him as a false witness and wilful calumniator.—C. K. W.

THE RIGHT OF SEARCH QUESTION AGAIN SETTLED.

From The Evening Post.

As there are some reputations that stand in need of continual repair, which have always to be set right before the public, so there are some questions that are always getting "settled" anew. The right of search appears to be one of this sort. In his annual message the President said that he was greatly gratified to be able to inform Congress "that the long-pending controversy between the two governments," *i. e.*, those of Great Britain and the United States, "in relation to the question of visitation and search, had been amicably adjusted." "The claim, on the part of Great Britain," he proceeded to say, "forcibly to visit American vessels on the high seas in time of peace, could not be sustained under the law of nations, and had been overruled by her own most eminent jurists." After detailing, then, the history of recent alleged outrages in the Gulf of Mexico and the adjacent seas, he added that "the British government promptly avowed its recognition of the principles of international law on this subject, as laid down by the government of the United States, in the note of the Secretary of State to the British minister at Washington, dated March 10, 1858, which secure the vessels of the United States upon the high seas from visitation or search in time of peace, *under any circumstances whatever.*"

This would seem to be satisfactory, for what more could be wished than the utter exemption of American vessels from visitation and search? It was accordingly claimed, by the partisans of the Administration, that it had finally disposed of a vexatious and constantly-recurring dispute which had baffled all previous administrations. We said at the time that this was rather claiming too much, for, on turning to the letter of the Secretary of State alluded to, we found that he had really stated no new principle. He said that "a merchant vessel upon the high seas is protected by her national character. He who forcibly enters her does so upon his own responsibility. Undoubtedly, if a vessel assumes a national character, to which she is not entitled, and is sailing under false colors, she cannot be protected by this assumption of a nationality to which she has no claim. As the identity of a person must be determined by the officer bearing a process for his arrest, and determined at the risk of such officer, so the right of the vessel to claim the protection of the flag she displays, must be determined, at a like hazard to him who, doubting the flag she displays, searches her to ascertain her true character." "If the boarding officer had just grounds of suspicion, and deported himself with propriety in the performance of his task, doing no injury, and peaceably retiring when satisfied of his error, no nation would make such an act the subject of serious reclamation."

Well might Lord Malmesbury and her Majesty's government have agreed entirely in this statement of the question; inasmuch as it conceded, if we understand the matter, all that the British government has ever asserted, or all, at least, that it has asserted in later years. But it was far from being a final disposition of the cause of dispute. It merely left the right of search where it had formerly been, at the discretion of the naval officers, holding them only to a responsibility for the abuse or improper discharge of their trust. Lord Malmesbury did not himself regard it as a complete adjustment of the matter, it is clear, because he immediately proposed to the government of the United States "to adopt some mutual regulation by which the officers of both States should be enabled to verify the nationality of suspicious ships," in order to prevent the renewal of "those vexatious and irritating controversies which are inevitable, as long as the letter of international law is made inflexibly to override those measures which experience and common sense recommend as necessary for the security of life and property on the high seas." A settlement which left vexatious and irritating controversies inevitable was not a settlement to be largely glorified. It was a settlement to be resettled, and a telegraphic despatch of yesterday, paraded by the organ of the Administration in this city, shows that another incubation has been performed, and another remarkable egg produced. The despatch says:

"The United States and England having failed to come to any definite understanding regarding the right of search or visit—our government declining to yield any point, and the English government refusing to submit any new plan—the French government have stepped in and submitted a *projet* to the English government, which our government has adopted, and which will probably settle the vexed question. It has not yet been made public."

This is certainly a curious condition of things, after the loud proclamation of an amicable and complete adjustment in the message; the two governments have failed to come to any definite understanding in the premises; and a third power been obliged to intervene to arrange the difficulty. But who knows how long this settlement will last, or whether the egg which is now hatched is not as addled as the one over which the President lately cackled?

"THE APOSTLES OF ANTI-SLAVERY."

It was either by accident or design, and which we cannot say, that just twelve persons were assembled in an obscure place in Boston, Jan. 1st, 1832, to organize the New England Anti-Slavery Society. The father of "The Twelve," since he was the first President, was Arnold Buffum, a Quaker gentleman, we believe, who, last week, died at Eaglewood, near Perth Amboy, N. J., aged 77 years. During twenty-seven years he constantly maintained his "*testimony*" against chattel slavery, and did much service in that cause. He was a good old man—growing more lovely in his character as years increased, till, fully ripe, on the quiet of the Sabbath, his spirit went from the house of his children on earth to the mansions of his Father in heaven.

We are reminded by his decease of the early struggles in the anti-slavery cause. Though there never was much anti-slavery spirit in this locality, yet of "The Twelve" who instituted that first Society, three were from the limits of "Old Newbury"—viz., Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Henry C. Wright* and Joshua Coffin—being one-quarter of the whole. Most of "The Twelve" lived to see the principle for which they struggled and for which they suffered a sort of martyrdom, in being repudiated by society as fanatics and madmen, in having their property and persons given to the mobs, some of them being stoned, having halters about their necks and being dragged through the streets, and having rewards offered for their heads—most of them lived, we repeat, to see the principle in question triumph among the British, French, Danes and Dutch, in acts of emancipation for their dominions. They also saw the little fire which they kindled in an obscure corner, where it would seem that a single man could have put his foot upon it and extinguished it forever, burn on brighter and more wide-spread, till it warmed into life all the hatred of despotism in this nation, and made the slavery question the one great question of this people and this age. We know not how those of

preparations to proceed to the coast of Africa for the purpose of being employed in that traffic.

The master of the bark was not on board at the time of her capture, having made a visit to this place, where he seemed to be well known by many persons. He was accompanied by the supercargo, and a man occupying the position of a servant. The mate reported that there had been a Spanish captain on board, who was landed at St. Joseph by the American captain, but has since confessed that he was killed and thrown overboard. The vessel's name had been altered, and that of the Rosa Lee substituted, and the paint was still fresh on the arrival of the Vixen.

The captain of the bark left here in a small fishing boat on Tuesday evening last, for the purpose, as he said, of proceeding to his vessel in St. Joseph, but since then nothing has been heard from him. We are also informed that a party left here last evening for the purpose of arresting the captain, supercargo, and other men in their company.

The bark is reported to be the property of C. A. L. Lamar, of Savannah. The name of the master is Hayden, and that of the supercargo Delamayer. Hayden, when he came to this place, registered his name, we are informed, Hill, in the club room, and gave as a reason that he had been a captain of a vessel in Savannah, and, having got into a difficulty with his men, wished to conceal himself for some time.

Various were the reports circulated as to the character of the vessel while she was in St. Joseph. At first she was a yacht of sixty tons, engaged by a hunting party—then she became a ship, with nine hundred slaves aboard—then various other reports were in circulation, as to her character, none of which were reliable.

There are a few wise heads about town who pretend to know more than they really do, saying that the vessel has been concealed in St. Joseph for over two weeks; but this is not true, although we are told, by one whom we can rely upon, that she has been there over a week. She was up higher in St. Joseph bay than any other square-rigged vessel was ever before, and if she had slaves aboard has had time and opportunity enough to run them clear of all prying persons.

There has not as yet been any legal examination as to the character of the vessel, and she is still under the surveillance of the officers of the steamer Vixen. We have only seen the vessel at a distance, but sailors tell us that she is a beautiful craft, possessing qualities which would make her a fine sailer, and with sea room would give any vessel trouble to catch her. We understand that the United States District Judge and Attorney have been telegraphed to proceed here immediately, for the purpose of investigating the character of the vessel.

There were ten men aboard of the vessel at the time of her capture, who have been confined under close guard ever since. She had on board many casks of water, by far more than any vessel of her size would carry on the longest voyage, with the usual compliment of men. No weapons were found on board of the bark, and at the time of her arrest she was flying American colors. We have also been informed that she had no signs of having been on a voyage as yet, but was merely fitting out.

Since writing the above, we have been informed that a suspicious schooner has been seen lying off the coast, showing no desire of entering this harbor, or of being spoken by the pilots. It is supposed by some to be a schooner with provisions, &c, for the above bark to proceed upon her voyage.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1859.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

REMOVAL.—The office of THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD will be removed, on or before the first of May, to the Park Bank Building, No. 5 Beekman street, adjoining Lovejoy's Hotel.

THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will hold its Twenty-sixth Annual Meeting in this city, commencing Tuesday morning, May 10th, and closing in the afternoon of Wednesday. The place of meeting will be in the City Assembly Rooms, 448 Broadway. Official call next week.

FOX-HUNTING.

IT is a pity that so much space is required to untwist the windings of misrepresentation in which *The Independent* involves its readers, and a still greater pity that the corrections which the dishonesty of that paper so often makes necessary are not allowed to appear in its own columns. Nevertheless, while those columns continue, as at present, to impose upon the inferiority of that small portion of the American Church which (whether for the sake of the Church or of the slave) really desires to oppose slavery, we cannot do a more useful work than to follow their tortuous course, and unveil that department of their deceits which assails our own work and postpones the deliverance of the slave.

The Independent (see first page) represents that the accusation recently made by Stephen S. Foster against Henry Ward Beecher was "for a mere difference of opinion as to the best mode of using his influence against slavery." On the contrary, it was an accusation of both unsoundness and unfaithfulness in regard to anti-slavery; of unsoundness, judged by what Mr. Foster considers sound—and of unfaithfulness to Mr. Beecher's own light, judged by the better parts of his own utterances in regard to slavery. We also hold Mr. Beecher to be both unsound and unfaithful. The point which we urged in reply to Mr. Foster was that genuine anti-slavery, in the heart and in the life, does not necessarily require that a man should formally join, or obviously fraternize with, the American Anti-Slavery Society. Both soundness and faithfulness may exist without such formal coöperation. Where we see evidence of such soundness and faithfulness, we shall never censure, however much we may lament, the fact that such an honest laborer in our common Master's vineyard follows not with us—sees not eye to eye with us. We have always steadfastly maintained the right of every man to judge for himself the proper method of anti-slavery warfare; but we have maintained with equal steadfastness the *duty* of every man to engage in *some* warfare which shall really tell *against* slavery; which shall be really *anti*-slavery; and which shall be *consistently* anti-slavery, not pulling down with one hand that which it builds up with the other; and we have also (according to the precept and example of Jesus) insisted on making men's lives the test of the honesty of their professions.

It is by faithfulness in these last-mentioned particulars that we have gained the ill-will and the calumnious assaults of *The Independent*. Its editors have for several years past been trying to reconcile an aspect of zeal for the welfare of the slave with the continued service of their old master, that very American Church which has been, and remains, the great bulwark of slavery. Since reputation, not character, is the Church's stock in trade, and since its reputation was becoming damaged by the wider exposure of the guilt of that slaveholding which it still chose to uphold, it was necessary that some one, in the name and for the credit of the Church, should seem to discountenance slavery. This *seeming* has been managed by the clerical editors of *The Independent*, whose condemnation of the *abuses* of slavery (in the ingenious language of the Tract Society, "those moral evils which it [slavery] is known to promote") has been taken, by the too confiding people who weekly listen to their written and spoken sermons, to be a condemnation of slaveholding itself. The endorsement which these editors give to Mr. Beecher as one of the "thorough, uncompromising opponents of slavery" at a time when the Abolitionists are finding fault with him, and when he is reported to be shrinking from support of the bolder utterances of Dr. Cheever, is no doubt politic and sagacious. It distinguishes them—in the minds of that great majority of their readers and hearers who are willing to be deceived—from radicals, such as Dr. Cheever and the American Anti-Slavery Society are reputed to be; and it saves the credit and the Christian (!) character of those slaveholding church-members in the South generally, and in the mission Churches of the Foreign and Home Missionary Societies, with whom they, as well as Mr. Beecher, hold communion as "Christian brethren." Well may Dr. Thompson and Dr. Bacon endorse Henry Ward Beecher! For, for every act of treachery to anti-slavery with which he has been charged, they have committed ten, the same in kind, and greater in degree.

Moreover, while Mr. Beecher only shrinks from endorsing Dr. Cheever, Drs. Thompson and Bacon are busily working to undermine his influence. The instinct of self-preservation no doubt moves them to this; for their paltering, compromising, half-and-half method of dealing with slavery is exposed and put to shame by Dr. Cheever's direct and vigorous attacks upon its very citadel. Whenever he speaks of the folly of "daubing with untempered mortar," they must feel themselves described and accused; whenever he speaks of slavebolding as SIN, and of the imperative obligation that rests upon the Church to assail the centre and core of that iniquity, instead of cautiously snipping and paring away some of the more odious of its outward developments, they must feel the hollowness of their twaddle about "those moral duties which grow out of the existence of slavery, and those moral evils which it is known to promote"; when he uses the truths of the Old and New Testaments "as a fire and a hammer" to break slavery in pieces, they must feel ashamed of their pet "Tract Society at Boston," which formally advertises itself as declining to do anything more than "*fraternally* to DISCUSS those moral evils which slavery is known to promote"; and when the "Church Anti-Slavery Society" (which he has just helped to form at Worcester) recognizes its obligation "to inculcate the duties of civil government, of civil rulers and of citizens," in respect to the overthrow of slavery, they must feel the unspeakable meanness, feebleness and cowardice of *their* resolution, adopted by their votes in the National Tract Society at New York, and echoed, through their influence, in the auxiliary Society at Boston, as follows: "Resolved, That the political aspects of slavery lie entirely without the proper sphere of this Society, and *cannot be discussed in its publications.*"

We may notice, in passing, as a curious coincidence, that the theory, in regard to political action, which Drs. Thompson and Bacon have caused to be incorporated into the code of the New York and Boston Tract Societies is exactly conformable to the practice of Rev. Southside Adams in his pulpit at Boston, as described by his parishioner and adviser, Hon. Rufus Choate.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the settlement of Dr. Adams occurred on the 28th ult. and was celebrated by a sober jollification in the Essex Street Church. Mr. Choate has attended the ministrations of that eminent divine nearly the whole quarter of a century, and was specially invited to adorn this festive occasion by his eloquence. He described, with great minuteness (and with a candor as commendable as unusual in his pleadings), one feature of Dr. Adams's preaching, praying, and reading of Bible and psalm-book, which exactly corresponded with his (Mr. Choate's) idea of what those things should be. He eulogized his pew in Essex Street Church as a place of absolute quiet, comfort and security, and dwelt at length upon the delightful fact that not a single feeling of self-reproach had been awakened within him by anything he had ever heard there. He represented that it had always been a comfort to him to feel assured, as he took his seat there from Sunday to Sunday, that he should hear from that pulpit no manner of politics, State or National, directly or indirectly; moreover that, as a matter of fact, he had uniformly found it to be true that, in the sermons of Dr. Adams, he had never found himself assailed or attacked by anything he had done, anything for which he had voted or acted in the political world without; that he thanked his pastor for having given him the right to say, in the presence of so many and such respectable clerical friends (about a hundred clergymen were present, Drs. Blagden and Baron Stow being conspicuous on the platform), that "never in an introductory prayer, never in a hymn, never by any illustration in any sermon, by any train of association, right or wrong," had his thoughts been carried back into the world that he had left, "for that day at least"; that if, without presuming to complain, to dictate or to preach, he might be permitted, on behalf of laymen, to say one single word to the serious clergymen around him, he would suggest to them "the duty of a rigorous abstinence from politics, and from any element which has been connected, in any way, with active party politics, on the Lord's day"; that, though the clergyman will of course know all about the obligations, origin and general direction of the conscience, and "will have learned from the Bible that the race of man is of kindred blood, all of it, and that all men stand on an equality of right, and responsibility, and duty before God," he should beware of making the slightest allusion to the question "how far these GLORIOUS GENERALITIES are *modified and controlled by civil society*"—"how far, *for example*, the acquisition of a territory by the common blood and common treasure makes it proper to lay it open to all, or shut it up against some"; and finally, that, since the layman, who has been troubled with business and politics through the week, goes into his pew on Sunday "*as a man goes into his house at night-time*, FOR REST,' if the ministers touch upon politics on Sunday, "*they rob him of that Sunday*"!

If the consciences of unscrupulous politicians should be treated with such delicate consideration by ministers in their pulpits, why not by the New York and Boston Tract Societies in their tracts?

This brings us back to the editors of *The Independent*. When Dr. Cheever speaks of "spiking the guns of the Gospel against men's sins," can Dr. Thompson forget that he moved the adoption of that shameful resolution by which the American Tract Society ignored, and shut out from rebuke, and even from *discussion*, in their tracts, the pro-slavery action of the United States government, and by which they recognized even the evils promoted by slavery as matters only for fraternal "discussion," not for rebuke—declaring his approval of these movements both upon their positive and their negative side? Can Dr. Bacon forget *his* statement (at the caucus of remonstrants preliminary to the Annual Meeting of the Tract Society just mentioned) that *though he had no doubt, and no one could doubt, that this great gigantic evil is* SIN, it is a political institution, and the Tract Society was not instituted to deal with political questions, and the less it meddled with political questions the more good it would do? And is it wonderful that these gentlemen "cannot conveniently make room" in their paper at present for the truly *anti*-slavery Preamble and Declaration of Principles of the "Church Anti-Slavery Society" lately formed at Worcester?

We are not entirely satisfied with this new Association. We have, in a former issue, spoken frankly of its faults; and we regret to be obliged to add, to the record then made, that it has commenced its operations by calumniating the American Anti-Slavery Society (declaring that it has never been distinctly Christian, and that it is now controlled by men avowedly opposed to the fundamentals of Christianity), and also by recognizing the existence of "*Christian* slaveholders"!—and also of men who, living in the slave region, are "really anti-slavery, but *unable* to speak and act out"! These last concessions of the Worcester Society, and its fraternization, formerly mentioned, with the time-serving Tract Society at Boston, cast some doubt upon its faithfulness to the slave. If it *shall* prove faithful in action, if its printed and spoken words yet to appear shall accord with the genuine abolitionism of its constitutional basis, we shall make small account of its injustice to us. But the editors of *The Independent* calumniate us, mislead the public, and betray the slave also.

They mislead the public through the columns of their paper. They represent the difference between themselves and Dr. Cheever to be one merely of manner, not of principle; when, in fact, it is the immense practical difference between treating slaveholding *as a sin*, and as *not* a sin; between treating it as an evil and bitter root, requiring complete extirpation, on one hand, and substituting for this radical work a moderate pruning of the branches, on the other. Nay, the course taken by these editors, in their paper and their two Tract Societies, goes to nullify the very rule that Jesus gave for discrimination between good and evil institutions, namely, "the tree is known by its fruit"; for, say they, out of the tree slavery grow "moral duties" as well as "moral evils"! What wonder that, having perverted truth, reason and fact to this extent, they should decide that even the moral evils are not to be opposed, but only "fraternally discussed"?

Moreover, in the very article which we have copied on the first page, the editors of *The Independent* claim for the Congregational pastors of New York and Brooklyn a faithfulness of anti-slavery preaching which is utterly and grossly contrary to the facts. It may very likely be true that they find their pulpits "unshackled" in regard to slavery, just as South-side Adams finds *his* unshackled, because they never undertake to preach that which a pro-slavery congregation is unwilling to hear. But to say, as that article does, that "There is not one of them [the Congregational pastors of New York and Brooklyn] who does not have *and use* his Christian liberty to expose the sinfulness of holding men as chattels, and the wickedness of any voluntary complicity with slavery," is to utter what is grossly false; and the idea implied in this, that every Congregational Church in New York and Brooklyn is *accustomed* to bear, and *willingly* to bear, thorough and faithful anti-slavery preaching from its pastor, is in diametrical opposition alike to the facts and to Dr. Thompson's and Dr. Bacon's knowledge of the facts.

DR. CHEEVER INVITED TO REPEAT HIS ANTI-SLAVERY DISCOURSES.

WE are glad to put on record the following evidence that the efforts of the Rev. Dr. Cheever to arouse the people, and especially the Church and Ministry, to a consciousness of the duty resting upon them to testify against slavery as a SIN and a CRIME, are appreciated by at least a few of his fellow-citizens.

REV. GEO. B. CHEEVER, D.D.—*Dear Sir:* We, your fellow-citizens, have been deeply interested in those especial labors in which you have been prominently engaged during the last two or three years with reference to American slavery. Without having heard or carefully read all you have preached or written on this subject, we know generally that your labors have eminently tended to establish these truths: First, that the Word of God in no degree countenances any system, usage or institution essentially resembling that slavery which exists throughout a large portion of our own country; secondly, that Christianity is essentially, vitally, irreconcilably at war with such slavery, and that any true and pure Church is necessarily its antagonist; thirdly, that it is the imperative duty of the organized Christianity of the land to war against such slavery, systematically, untiringly, uncompromisingly, so long as the iniquity shall continue to exist. We, therefore, in testimony of our profound appreciation of your labors and sacrifices in the cause of Christian Purity and National Righteousness, respectfully invite you to repeat, at such early day as your convenience may suggest, one or more of your recent discourses on the subjects just indicated, in the great hall of the Cooper Institute, where some thousands of our fellow-citizens may share with us the interest and profit of hearing you.

We are, with profound esteem, yours,

Horace Greeley,	[Ex-Gov.] Myron H. Clark,
John Jay,	Wm. Curtis Noyes,
Wm. M. Evarts,	[Rev.] H. Ward Beecher,
Edgar Ketchum,	[Rev.] Thos. S. Hastings,
R. H. McCurdy,	James Humphrey,
[Rev.] Ed. H. Chapin,	Wm. Allen Butler,
Chas. W. Elliott,	Oliver Johnson,
Joseph Hoxie,	John W. Edmonds,
T. B. Stillman,	Chas. A. Dana,
Benj. F. Manierre,	S. P. Townsend,
George William Curtis,	Simeon Draper,
[Rev.] A. H. Burlingham,	A. W. Morgan,
R. Hildreth,	[Prof.] Benj. N. Martin,
Dexter Fairbank,	[Rev.] T. Bourne,
E. W. Chester,	Henry A. Hart, M.D.,
Edward Gilbert,	James O. Bennett,
Sydney H. Gay,	Edwin West, M.D.,
Chas. T. Congdon,	James Fairman,
Samuel Sinclair,	Franklin J. Ottarson,
	And others,

NEW YORK, April 1, 1859.

MESSRS. HORACE GREELEY, JOHN JAY and others.

GENTLEMEN: I am truly grateful for this kind invitation, and rejoice in the opportunity of acknowledging it, were it only to signify my hearty and hopeful recognition of its principles, so admirably expressed. I am sure that, if we can get at the masses with the testimony of the Word of God against the iniquity of slavery, it will soon be swept from the land. I shall be most happy to respond to this request in one or more lectures, as may be thought best, commencing Wednesday evening, April 6.

Most respectfully and truly yours,

GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

Those who are familiar with the names of the clergymen and laymen who usually figure in the fashionable religious and philanthropic movements of the so-called evangelical denominations cannot fail to observe how few such names appear in this correspondence. The cry of the orthodox clergy heretofore has been, "Oh, we are as much opposed to slavery as anybody, but we can't join the abolition movement, because, in doing so, we must mix ourselves up with men whose religious views we cannot sanction." It would seem as if Dr. Cheever had been specially raised up by Providence to furnish a new demonstration of the hypocrisy of these men. Of unquestionable soundness according to the severest standard of orthodoxy, he is not in any way identified with the Anti-Slavery organization. Eminent as a theologian and of good reputation for piety, he stands forth as a minister of the Gospel to rebuke the nation for the sin of slaveholding and to plead with prophet-like eloquence the cause of the oppressed. Might we not reasonably expect the whole body of the evangelical clergy to rally promptly to the standard which he uplifts before them? And yet they are no more ready to heed his call than they were that of Garrison! Of the Congregational pastors of New York and Brooklyn how many are ready to ask him to repeat his anti-slavery discourses? Henry Ward Beecher is the only one of them all whose name appears in the above correspondence. Of the host of Old and New School Presbyterian clergy only one signs the letter to Dr. Cheever; of the army of Methodist clergy not one; of the Baptists *one*, and he not by any means a respresentative man in the denomination; of the Episcopalians not one; of the Reformed Dutch not one. Of evangelical laymen there are indeed some highly respectable names, but they are for the most part those which have been known in political anti-slavery movements rather than in the fashionable philanthropy of the Churches. The experiences of the gentlemen who did the work of soliciting signatures to the requisition upon Dr. Cheever would, we fancy, be very instructive. The simple fact is, that the efforts of Dr. Cheever to arouse the evangelical Ministers and Churches to a sense of the wickedness of slavery and the duty of testifying against it have thus far proved a failure. They have responded to him only as the Scribes and Pharisees responded to the preaching of Jesus; and if crucifixion were now the mode of punishing "fanatics" and "disturbers of the peace of the Churches," they would hardly shrink from nailing him to the cross, so bitter is their hatred of the truth he preaches. As it is, they can only exhibit their hostility in assaults upon his personal and professional reputation, in denunciations of him as "imprudent," "reckless," "fanatical," "a man of one idea," a "preacher of politics," and in efforts, through *ex-parte* councils and other and similar devices, to oust him from his pulpit. The popular religious press, instead of hailing him as a prophet of Freedom and giving wing to his words of warning and rebuke, joins the clergy in efforts to destroy his influence. Even *The Independent*, while deriving pecuniary profit from the anti-slavery reputation acquired by the productions of his masterly pen, instead of manfully sustaining him in his struggles with a pro-slavery Ministry and Church, gives open aid and comfort to his enemies!

—Dr. Cheever was greeted, on Wednesday evening, by a large and enthusiastic audience, who voted by acclamation that they wanted to hear him again. He will, consequently, deliver another discourse on Monday evening next.

The discourse of Wednesday evening, "The Logic of the Word of God against Slavery," will appear in full in next week's STANDARD.

ANTI-SLAVERY PULPITS IN NEW YORK.

THE friends of the slave have occasion for rejoicing in the fact, that a religious society lately organized in this city has chosen for its pastor the Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, late of Jersey City and formerly of Salem, Mass.—a thorough-going, outspoken Abolitionist, in full sympathy with the American Anti-Slavery Society. The new congregation will be known as the "Third Unitarian," but we understand it to be the determination of preacher and people that the movement shall not be, in any sense, sectarian, but altogether free and untrammelled. The meetings of the new society will be held in the hall, corner of Broadway and Thirty-second street—seats free. The inaugural discourse of Mr. Frothingham, delivered last Sunday afternoon, was exceedingly appropriate and impressive. The hall was crowded, and many who came were unable to gain admission. We trust this society will be the nucleus of anti-slavery power in this city of cotton churches, cotton piety and cotton morals.

We learn, also, that still another free pulpit is to be immediately set up in this city, by the Rev. George R. Noyes, late pastor of the Unitarian Church in Chicago. Mr. Noyes repudiates every sectarian name, and hopes to gather a congregation of spirits kindred to himself, to whom he may be useful as a religious teacher. Our personal acquaintance with him is very slight, but those who know him well assure us that he is a man of fine abilities both as a writer and speaker. He has come to New York, not upon anybody's invitation, but from a conviction of duty—a belief that this is the field appointed for him by Providence; and he proposes, we understand, to commence preaching at his own charge, trusting to find, in due time, all needed sympathy and support. The inaugural service, we learn, will be held in Hope Chapel tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon, at half-past 3 o'clock. Mr. Noyes will preach an anti-slavery gospel.

THE PERSONAL LIBERTY BILL.

ALBANY, April 2, 1859.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

ON Wednesday evening the Assembly laid aside the regular order of business and took up the Personal Liberty bill, and went through with it, ordering it to a third reading (its virtual passage) by a vote of 55 to 16. The evening was occupied in debating it until eleven o'clock. Mr. Hutchinson made a most convincing speech for the bill, as did also Mr. Laing, of Wayne, and Mr. Holt, of Wyoming. Mr. Laing's speech was one of the best in the whole discussion. He is evidently a strong believer in Lysander Spooner's theories. Brief remarks were also made by Mr. Powell, Mr. Perry and Mr. Scholefield in favor, and by Mr. Warner, Mr. Weiant, Mr. Gover and Mr. Rutherford against the bill. The bill was amended by striking out the 11th section, which forbids any lawyer to act as counsel for the claimant of a slave. It was said that even murderers are allowed counsel, and it seemed but decent to allow a slaveholder what was allowed every other criminal. The amendment was agreed to without much opposition. I hope soon to chronicle its final passage in the Assembly.

The Republicans here were surprised to hear that Massachusetts had failed to come up to the mark on this question. After they had so far diluted their bill, we little expected to see it defeated. But our friends there labored under the disadvantage of having the leading papers of the State against them, the Boston *Atlas* and the *Journal*, the Springfield *Republican*, &c., while in this State we have the earnest support of the Utica *Herald*, Rochester *Democrat*, Oswego *Times*, Buffalo *Express* and other leading presses, to say nothing of *The Tribune*, which is a host of itself. Even the Albany *Journal* has not opposed us except with "faint praise." In all the discussions in our Legislature and in the newspapers no petty jealousies have been indulged in about Abolitionists, Gerrit Smith, Garrison, or anybody else. All have been united upon it as a measure absolutely required to vindicate the honor of the State and maintain the integrity of the Republican party. After you get ten miles west of Albany, the man who opposes this bill is a *rara avis*, unless he be a Democrat, and an office-holder or office-seeker.

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THE BILL DEFEATED.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

The Personal Liberty bill had its final reading to-day and was lost. When the bill was reached in its ordinary course, Mr. Miller of Buffalo moved to recommit to the Judiciary Committee, with a view of obtaining the opinion of that body as to the constitutionality of the measure, which motion was sustained by Gen. Duryea of Kings, and opposed by Mr. C. S. Spencer. Mr. H A. Lyon moved the previous question and the motion to recommit was lost.

The vote then recurring on the passage of the act, it was lost—55 Yeas to 44 Nays, as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Abbott, Andrus, Batcheller, Bliss, Briggs, Bump, Chamberlain, S. S. Childs, Cobb, Coburn, Colt, Costello, Davis, Fish, Godard, Grant, H. K. Graves, Green Hubbell, Hutchinson, Johnson, Laing, Littlejohn, Lockhart, H. A. Lyon, L. R. Lyon, Mackin, McKeel, Mouiton, Northup, S. E. Palmer, Parlin, Payne, Perry, Pierce, Plato, Pond, Powell, Ranney, Rider, Rogers, Scholefield, See, Shepard, C. S. Spencer, St. John, Sweeney, D. Thoms, Thompson, Tuthill, Van Horn, Weaver, Wiley, Wintermute Woodbury—55.

NAYS—Messrs. Bowen, CARPENTER, *Christie*, Conkling, *Cornelius*, Duryea, FILKINS, *Fitzgerald*, Fuller, *Gover*, S. Graves, Hall, *Herrmance*, Holmes, *Jeremiah*, KING, *Lamont, Lawrence*, Longenhilt, *McLeod, Macomber, Mallery, Masterson*, Meeks, Messerole, Miller, Moore, Opdyke, *G B. Palmer, Reilly, Rutherford*, Shaw, Slocum, *Smith*, SNELL *Saydam, Tomlinson, Van Cortlandt*, Van Volkenburgh, *Weiant*, Wiggins, *Wilson, Woodruff, Young*—44.

ABSENT OR NOT VOTING—otherwise called Dodgers—Messrs. Ainsworth, Bingham, BOUGHTON, Brockway, Buffington, *Bushnell, Chanler, N. A. Childs*, CLARK, COLEMAN, Collins, *Creble*, Crocker, Earll, Eveland, Farnum, *Gardner*, Holt, Ladew, LAW, Loomis, Morris, Pelton, Pendell, *H. W. Spencer*, Stewart, C. Thomas, *Warner*—28.

Republicans in Roman, Democrats in *Italics*, Americans in SMALL CAPS.

It will be seen that all the affirmative votes are Republican; also that sixteen Republicans voted No, as they had an undoubted right to do, and that fifteen Republicans skulked the vote—which is about the meanest and most sneaking thing of which a representative can be guilty.

It is proper to say that Mr. Holmes of Cortland voted for the bill on the call, but, seeing that it was lost for the want of the requisite number of votes (two-thirds of all the members elected to the House), he changed his vote to the negative in order that he might be able to move a reconsideration, which he subsequently did. The great American party in the Assembly to a man either voted against the bill or did not vote at all. Mr. Law asked to be excused because he was not in his place when the question was stated. The gentleman from Delaware went out just before the Clerk had finished reading the bill, no doubt in order that he might have an excuse for not voting.

The defeat of the Personal Liberty bill before the Massachusetts Legislature had its effect, very likely, on some of our weak-backed Republicans, and it is quite likely that a few were unavoidably absent, who would have voted for the bill had they been present.

Mr. Gurley was asked to be excused from voting, and in explaining the reasons therefor, stated that he was in favor of the objects of the bill, but could not vote for it, as he believed it to be unconstitutional in some of its provisions. Gen. Duryea stated substantially the same thing, in also asking to be excused from voting. I don't know exactly what these gentlemen's notion of the Constitution may be; but if they take the late decisions of the Supreme Court as their guide in such matters, it is utter twaddle and nonsense for them to say that they are in favor of the objects of this bill, or in favor of any bill which shall give a fugitive a fair opportunity to establish the fact that he belongs to himself instead of some white vagabond on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line. The only hopeful feature of this vote in favor of freedom is that it is larger than the one cast at the last previous trial to pass a similar act, which argues that it is possible that New York may yet become a free State.

We are indebted to a friend for the following classification of the vote.

The vote in the Legislature on the Personal Liberty bill may be classified thus—Anti-Slavery Republicans, Pro-Slavery Republicans and Democrats, and Dodgers. Let us trot out a few of each.

ANTI-SLAVERY REPUBLICANS.

Among the true men we were glad to find Mr. BATCHELLER, of Saratoga, who, from some previous action on the bill, was misunderstood. Mr. S. S. CHILDS, of New York City, and Mr. ANDREWS, of Brooklyn, both voted Aye. Mr. SPENCER and Mr. TUTHILL of course voted the same way. These were all who came up to the mark from New York or Long Island. The SPEAKER gave his vote as he had his influence for freedom. PATRICK COSTELLO, of Oneida, a son of the Emerald Isle, deserves mention as having shown himself a consistent friend of the oppressed by his vote. Mr. JAMES SWEENEY, of Niagara, also voted Aye. Others might be named among the affirmative votes equally deserving of credit for their bold and manly devotion to liberty. Fifty-six men were found ready to stand up for God and Humanity Their names are recorded.

PRO-SLAVERY REPUBLICANS.

Mr. CONKLING, of New York, deserted his professions and his friends, being among the first to vote No on the Republican side. Mr. OPDYKE also failed, and of course Mr. SHAW followed the same way. Perhaps there are not enough anti-slavery in these gentlemen's districts to defeat them in another election, and so they can afford to do wrong. It is unnecessary to say they all belong to New York City. Gen. DURYEA, of Brooklyn, could not forget that he was a lawyer, and so let his manhood slide. Brooklyn, like New York, *may* overlook such tergiversation. But what shall we say of the few Republicans from the rural districts who played false—Mr. HALL of Essex, Mr. SLOCUM of Syracuse, and Mr. VAN VALKENBURGH of Columbia. We are content to leave them with their constituents—simply making a record of their votes. Of the Democrats who voted No, nothing need be said.

THE DODGERS.

Perhaps this class may escape a reckoning at home, and perhaps not. Mr. BROCKWAY, of Oswego, formerly in *The Tribune* office, led off in the flight from the Chamber when the bill came up. He is said to be an "habitual dodger." Closely following his heels were Mr. MORRIS of Yates, Mr. BINGHAM of Rensselaer, Mr. EARLL of Tioga, and Mr. EVELAND of Steuben, among the Republicans. The "Americans" fled almost *en masse*, led by Mr. LAW, of Delaware, who was brought back and excused from voting.

There were several other members who should have been brought in and compelled to vote Aye or Nay. It is but justice, however, to state that some were sincere in saying they could not decide which way to vote—they were in favor of *a* bill, but not of *the* bill to secure Personal Liberty. Let them have the benefit of this.

Nine more vore votes would have passed the Act. These should have been obtained from the following absentees—Mr. Buffington, Mr. Collins, Mr. Holt, Mr. Loomis, Mr. Stewart, Mr. C. Thomas, Mr. Earll, Mr. Eveland and Mr. Brockway, most of whom inclined to the support of the bill; and all of them, with Mr. Hall, Mr. Morris, Mr. Slocum and Mr. Snell would have voted for it if they had obeyed the wishes of their constituents. Another year we hope this will be better understood.

—We hear, as we go to press, that the bill is likely upon a reconsideration, to be amended and passed.

WANTED: *Backbone.*—Over every Legislative Hall these words should be inscribed. A bill came up in the Assembly on Monday authorizing Ontario County to lease a portion of her Court-House to the United States. Mr. Hutchinson, ever true to his principles, moved to prohibit its use for the trial of Fugitive Slave cases. So just a proposition should have received every Republican vote. But it was lost, Ayes 35; Nays 52; as follows:

AYES.—Messrs. Abbott, Andrus, Bliss, Brockaway, Bump, Chamberlain, S. S. Childs, Cobb, Coburn, Colt, Collins. Crocker, Davis, Grant, Greene, Holmes, Holt, Hutchinson, Laing, Meaks, Messerole, Moulton, Payne, Perry, Plato, Pond, Ranney, Speaker, C. S. Spencer, D. Thomas, Thompson, Tuthill, Van Horn, Weaver, Woodbury—35.

NOES—Messrs. Batcheller, Bingham, BOUGHTON, Bowen, Briggs, *Bushnell*, CARPENTER, *Christie*, CLARK, COLEMAN, Conkling, *Cornelius*, Duryea, Eveland, FILKINS, Fish, Fuller, *Gardner*, Godard, *Gover*, S. Graves, Hall, KING, *Lamont*, Lockhart, Loomis, L. R. Lyon, *McLeod, Macomber*, Mckeel, Morris, *G. B. Palmer*, Parlin, Pierce, *Reilly*, Rider, Scholefield, See, Slocum, *Smith*, SNELL, H. W. SPENCER, St. John, Sweeney, *Tomlinson*, Wiggins, *Wilson*, Wintermute, *Woodruff, Young*—52.

Democrats in *Italics*; Republicans in Roman; Americans in SMALL CAPITALS.

The bill was then passed, 67 to 24.

Messrs. Briggs and Godard from St. Lawrence County, Loomis and Scholefield from Oneida, Morris from Yates, Hall from Essex, Parlin from Franklin, and others, will have an account to settle with their constituents.

SPEECH OF MR. HOLMES.

CONSPICUOUS among the supporters of the Personal Liberty bill in the Assembly is the Hon. Arthur Holmes, of Cortland, whose speech in its behalf we heartily commended in THE STANDARD of March 26th. That speech, we are glad to observe, has won golden opinions for its author. The *Elmira Advertiser* says:

"The speech is a very able one, doing honor to the heart and head of its author. As a sound constitutional argument, showing the utter fallacy of the claim made by the South and by the Democratic party as to the necessity of the Fugitive Slave enactment under the fundamental law, we have seldom seen it excelled. It covers the whole ground, rending to tatters the idea that any free citizen of this State lies under the compact either of a compromise or a constitution to become a slave-hunter. No candid person, of whatever politics, can rise from a perusal of this able speech without at least the conviction that a great wrong was perpetrated in the passage of the Fugitive Slave act."

The *Genesee Valley Free Press* publishes it and says:

"We would gladly place a copy in the hands of every voter in the State. Mr. Holmes is a young man, but he has only commenced his public career. Mr. Holmes is certain to be bidden by his constituents to step up another round on the political ladder. Few Districts in the State are favored with Representatives like him, and his constituents should continue him in service."

A friend in Albany has sent us a copy of a letter addressed to Mr. Holmes, to which, at his request, we give place, as follows:

"ALBANY, March 25th, 1859.

"HON. ARTHUR HOLMES—*Dear Sir:* I wish to thank you for your admirable speech on 'The Constitution and Personal Liberty,' delivered in the Assembly on the 9th inst. Its clear and forcible diction, and its compact and lucid argument, make it a valuable contribution to the literature of Freedom; and I trust that the friends of the good cause, of which you have shown yourself so able a champion, will give it a general circulation throughout the State, for it seems to me that it cannot fail to carry conviction to all unprejudiced and intelligent minds.

"Excuse the liberty which a stranger takes in addressing you so abruptly; but the principles which you advocate are very dear to me, and so I obey the impulse which prompts me to say, Thanks! for your noble championship of a most noble cause.

"Respectfully, your friend and servant,

"W. H. BURLEIGH."

We regret that the demands upon our space are, just now, too numerous and pressing to permit the publication of this excellent speech in our columns. We are glad to learn that a large pamphlet edition is nearly exhausted, and that the demand for it has by no means ceased.

THE A. B. C. F. M. WINKING AT POLYGAMY.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IN *The Tribune* of March 25th appeared a letter from Rev. George W. Wood, one of the Corresponding Secretaries of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, seeking to explain away the complicity with polygamy which that paper recently incidentally charged upon the Board, and which has often before been directly charged, *and proved*.

Unfortunately, the statements of the Reverend Secretaries of the Board, in relation to controverted cases of this sort, are always made with an amount of reservation which renders them unreliable, even when no direct violation of truth is committed.

Mr. Secretary Wood, after making his explanation, says that the alleged winking of the A. B. C. F. M. at polygamy "should be judged in connection with the facts, as above presented." Yes, indeed, if the facts as above presented were all the facts. I write to mention some other facts, which Mr. Wood has remembered to forget.

The crime of the Board in this matter (which *The Tribune* very gently expressed by the term "winking at polygamy") is not merely that several polygamists, as has been charged by patrons of the Board who have made investigation, have been admitted into the mission Churches, or that one polygymist, as the Board *allow*, was received into a Choctaw mission Church, and lived there for years, and died there, without remonstrance from the Board, even after Christian people at the North had complained of it. This is not all. The charge additional to this is that when the missionaries of the Board, either wishing the consent of that body to their admission of polygamists to their Churches or disagreeing as to what course should be taken in cases like these, expressly requested counsel and direction from the Board on this subject, that body refused to give either, even when this reasonable request was enforced by memorials, to the same effect, of patrons of the Board at home.

This matter was brought before the Board by memorials, and debated with great vehemence, at the Annual Meeting in New Haven, September, 1846. In this meeting the ground was taken by the Committee to whom this matter was referred, and by other gentlemen of high consideration in the Board—surely an amazing ground for professed Christians—that the circumstances of each case, under the laws of the heathen countries where such cases occurred, must guide the missionaries to decide them!

The Committee (Chancellor Walworth, Chairman) to whom the memorials had been referred reported that it was inexpedient to take any action upon them. Advocating the adoption of the report—

"Dr. Tyler said—The question is, shall we legislate for extreme cases. Discuss this question in any ecclesiastical body, and they wouldn't agree. I wouldn't say that in all cases it

n the only way now possible. The one great comfort is hat the disguised slave trade is given up. The real one s now at the disposal of the UNITED STATES.

Yours, &c., H. M.

Our Washington Correspondence.

A Sermon upon Political Corruption—Party Cries not to be trusted —Honest men the best for public use—Dangers of the Republican party—A word about Mr. Seward—The Republican Press—The Washington Correspondents—The Lobby, etc. etc.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 4, 1859.

SOME of the prominent Republican members of the last Congress were very active and eloquent in ferreting out and exposing to the entire country the dishonesty and incapability of members of the present Administration. This was doubtless a good work; but I have often thought that exposures which come entirely from partisan attaches are worth little, and I know that some of the men among the Opposition ranks who, for the last two years, have made a great deal of noise about Democratic corruption were themselves all the time steeped in iniquity. One of these gentlemen remonstrated with me: "Why do you," he asked, "criticise the conduct of men in your own party and excite suspicion against them? There is enough corruption among the Democracy: *expose that*, and let your friends alone!" It may seem incredible, but I quote almost the exact words and give precisely the ideas of the remonstrant. My reply was, "I will clean out my own house first, and then see to my neighbors' habitations."

During a sojourn of several winters in Washington, I have discovered that not much dependence can be placed upon any party hue-and-cry as to the personal dishonesty of political opponents. Still, it is a fact that the present Administration is terribly corrupt, and for the simple reason that its members *have no principles*. They are the slaves of slavery *for the sake of the offices*, and of course are ready for bribery, or something worse, if they think it necessary to keep themselves in power. All Republicans who are so because they sincerely hate slavery have a great advantage over those place-hunters and place-holders. They care not for office or for a petty party triumph, but for the triumph of their principles. But those men in the ranks of the so-called Opposition—and there are a great many of them—who care most for the offices, and for the triumph of their party in a given election, are quite as likely to be corrupt as any corresponding number of Democrats, and, if entrusted with office, would probably practice the same vices which characterize the present Administration. It is quite probable that they would very soon be found cottoning to the Slave Power. I have spoken of this fact because it is of great importance that the people of the free States should learn to distinguish between anti-slavery men and mere trading politicians. A sentiment is quite prevalent that such men as Charles Sumner are too honest for public office, and that *managing men* (meaning the shrewd in dickering and platform-making) had better take their places. No more terrible mistake could be made. It is the honest, and so-called fanatical, members of the Republican party which have been its salvation thus far. Were it not for Hale, Seward, Wilson, Giddings, Grow and others, it would long ago have been defunct—in fact, would never have existed. The men who would like to ignore the only real issue are, some of them, of fine abilities, but with little real power before the people, and I would not trust one of them as a representative of the anti-slavery sentiment of the free States. Such men never can be trusted with safety, however high may be their reputation for personal honesty. So soon as a big temptation presents itself, like Millard Fillmore, they will fall before it.

The Republicans are in imminent danger just now from a strong desire of winning the Forney and Douglas men to their ranks. This you will see by looking over several first-class Republican journals. They talk in high terms of Popular Sovereignty and Eli Thayer's revamped Douglasism, and this is to flatter Mr. Forney and his adherents, with an eye to the next Presidency. Now, I do not believe in unfriendly attacks upon either Forney or Douglas, but if the Republicans really have a great principle, which has heretofore been declared to be opposition to the extension of slavery, how small a business it is to be running round to every rump of a party in the country, with their principle in hand, and offering to sell it for a Presidential triumph. This is what certain Republican editors and members of Congress are doing with great zeal at the present time. How much more dignified and noble to stand by the principle, and hold out to every man a welcome hand. This position implies conscious strength—the other conscious weakness, as well as the lack of virtue.

It is very much to the honor of Mr. Seward that he has never for a moment listened to any proposition to lower the anti-slavery standard of the party. However low that standard may be in the eyes of the readers of this journal, it is honorable in Mr. Seward that he has steadily resisted all attempts to take one jot from the anti-slavery position of the party to which he belongs. In his personal character, too, he is incorruptible. A distinguished Republican, who has known Mr. Seward long, remarked to me, during a discussion of some of the prominent politicians then in Washington: "Mr. Seward is one of the few men who have not been soiled by contact with Washington life. He is one of the purest men I ever knew." The same is true of Sumner, and of Giddings, and other men chiefly known for their position on the question of slavery. They are men of high principles, courage and stern integrity, and this class of men should be selected by the anti-slavery people of the free States for office.

There is very little independence and freedom in the public press of the Republican party, I am sorry to say. We all know there is literally none in the Administration press—there is *little* in the Republican journals. They are very free to criticise the party now in power, but seem to be afraid of their own. The Washington correspondents of such journals generally pursue the same course. They will not or cannot speak of the shortcomings of the Republican members. Some of the first-class journals have correspondents at the Capitol who are deep in the corruptions of the Lobby, and how can such writers tell the truth? Any just criticism upon Republican members will lose them friends, and votes whenever any job is before Congress. I have more than once seen a correspondence conducted from Washington with a respectable Northern journal when it was perfectly apparent to intelligent persons here that the sole aim of the writer was to praise those men who would vote on private bills to suit his purposes. Of course he acted with caution, but this was his *use* of the correspondence, and I dare say his employers never suspected his unfaithfulness; if they did, they retained him.

Turn over the sheets of the leading papers of the country, and how much independent criticism of "*our* party" will you find? When Horace Greeley was in Washington, a few years ago, to write letters, the Republicans were very generally glad when he was ready to go home. Why? Because he kept his eyes on Republicans as well as Democrats, and the former did not relish such interference and homely criticism.

Some journals are too respectable to notice *men* at all—the movements of parties alone come within their cognizance, and *parties* never feel scathing criticism. Those which are not afraid of "personalities" are so tied to party that, for party reasons, they keep silence over the wrong-doing of their political associates. Of course there are exceptions to this general statement, but how many? And that is the reason why THE STANDARD and *Liberator* are so prized by radical anti-slavery men who still stay inside the Republican party. These journals are outspoken and frequently goad Republican leaders into decency. Much as the politicians may affect to despise these journals and the men and women whose views they represent, *they are afraid of them*, as facts abundantly show. The anti-slavery sentiment is stronger than the Republican platform in most of the free States, and the politicians know it, and they also know that the Abolitionists are the creators of that sentiment.

D. S. T.

SLAVERY AND THE PULPIT.—If the reader wishes to see a fresh example of the Atheism that pervades the American Church, and of the piety, so-called, which ignores the claims of justice and humanity, he has only to turn to the first page, where he will find, under the appropriate head, an extract from a recent speech by that leather-bearted politician, Rufus Choate, the worthy parishioner of Dr. South-side Adams, defender of slavery from the Scriptures. And if, in contrast with such a perversion of the fundamental principles of Christianity, he would see a beautiful illustration of ministerial fidelity in testifying against the sin of slavery, we commend him to the fourth page, where he will find a most interesting chapter from Mrs. Stowe's new story, "The Minister's Wooing." The latter is a most pertinent and impressive answer to the former.

THE ELECTION IN CONNECTICUT, on Monday last, resulted in the choice of Republican State officers, a Legislature Republican in both branches, and four Republican members of Congress—the whole delegation.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXLVI.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent shouteth once—He reserveth the rest for when? He describeth the disadvantages of nurse-children—He draweth morals for the Republicans—He patteth the New York Infant on the head—He cracketh the Nut for the Know-Nothings—When he intendeth to vote—He condemneth Webster-olatry—He is prophetic as to the setting up and casting down of the molten image—He explaineth the predicament of the Hancock House Purchase—He describeth it—He looketh forward to his own inhabitancy of the same, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, April 4, 1859.

HURRAH for you! Is Saul also among the Prophets? Can it be possible that you are going ahead of us here in the Bay State in your jealousy for Personal Liberty? It is almost too good to be true, and I will reserve the residue of my three times three—deducting the introductory cheer—until the bill has fairly passed out of the region of doubt and voting into the domain of fact and parchment. I am sorry enough that Massachusetts does not lead the Empire State in this glorious race, or at least keep up with her, but I shall rejoice exceedingly in your victory, though it is at the expense of distancing ourselves. We are defeated, but not cast down. We shall have all we want, one of these days. We have contracted such a chronic habit of having our own way that we can afford to wait for it a year or two. But then you must consider that your mighty mother has not a Presidential child at nurse as ours has. Those political brats are always tetchy and wayward in their infancy, and often make no end of mischief in well-ordered political households, the direction of which, like other spoiled children, they are very apt to take into their own hands. Sometimes, to be sure, they get whipped and sent to bed, of which we had an edifying example in the case of the last political bantling Mother Massachusetts had charge of, who cried for the moon and "broke things" that he thought might stand in the way of his getting hold of it—such as the Address for Removing Judge Loring and our present Personal Liberty bill—but the stout old nurse not only tickled his toby for him, but mended up his breakages so nicely that they were better than new.

A noticeable feature in the defeat of our new Personal Liberty bill, of which you will doubtless give an account this week, is the weakness which it demonstrates to exist among some of the best kind of Republicans. As we must admit the honesty of the reasons given by such men as Messrs. Johnson of Abington and Wells of Greenfield, however much we may regret their want of sagacity, we are obliged to believe that they really thought they were doing the slave better service in voting against this declaration of his absolute freedom on the soil of Massachusetts than in carrying it through the House, which their votes and influence would have easily done. Now, as they could not possibly suppose that it was of any advantage to the slaves to be carried back into slavery, if they had been able to escape from it, more easily than it could be done under the provisions of that bill, it must follow that they thought that the damage done by it to the Republican party would be greater than the good done to the slaves, and that the success of the Republican party was the best thing that could happen for the slaves. Now, when I said just now that you had not a Presidential baby at nurse, I did not forget that New York has a nurseling of her own—*non sine diis, animosus infans*—who may yet grow up into the Presidential stature, a good deal beyond the average of the later specimens, we will hope. But, then, we all know that he has his eye-teeth cut, and needs not to be spoon-fed with flapdoddle ("the stuff they feed fools on") of this sort. Or, to get down from my allegory, before the headstrong brute throws me over its head, he showed the difference between a statesman and a politician in the ground he took at Rochester. He sees that the only platform on which the North can overcome the South is a high, square, unmistakable Anti-Slavery one, with no rotten planks of expediency about it. Having made that platform, I presume he means to wait until the North is ready to come upon it, which will certainly not be next year. He will let Mr. Banks, or Mr. Crittenden, or Mr. Chase, break their political necks by falling through the rottenness of that "unworthy scaffold," and be ready to come in and take advantage of the experience which the Republicans will learn, if anything can teach them, by the almighty licking (speaking after the manner of Yankee men) they are going to get from the Democrats next November twelvemonth. I think the young Massachusetts Republicans, in our House and out of it, would be wiser if they had sat at the feet of Mr. Seward and learned of him the true philosophy of politics.

But though our Republican House rejected the Personal Liberty bill, it was by no means idle. Not at all. It passed an amendment to the State Constitution requiring two years' residence as a condition of voting. And by this act has disgusted the German portion of the party all over the country—by no means the least sound or respectable part of it—so that they may throw some of the Western States into the scale of the Democracy. It was done as a sop to the Know-Nothings, of course, but it is not enough to satisfy those vagabonds, while it is quite enough to disgust the really substantial foreigners. I can tell them, they have hurt the prospects of their party far more by this insensate folly than they would have done by enacting that every slaveholder coming into the State should be hanged without benefit of clergy. You know the Germans in Wisconsin sent in a remonstrance against this action, or have protested against it in some way. It has now to be submitted to the people, and, if it be not defeated, it will be a heavy blow and great discouragement to the Republican party, next year. I expect myself to enjoy the rare pleasure of voting on that occasion. As it is a purely Massachusetts matter, and in nowise connected with the Constitution of the United States, I see no reason why we should not express our pleasure, in our sovereign capacity, as to this change in the fundamental law of the State. I shall not do this, you will easily understand, because I think it essential to the possibility of the success of the Republican party—though I am sure nothing less can save it from the desertion of its foreign legion—but because I think it morally wrong as well as politically absurd. As to the Republican party, I do not believe it will be good for anything until it has had one more good flogging—the rod for administering which is even now in pickle—which most inevitably awaits it.

And the Legislature has given us another boon besides this, to console us for the loss of the Personal Liberty bill—it has given us Mr. Webster's Statue! The impudent proposition of a hundred or two of Mr. Webster's Boston Retainers to make the State of Massachusetts lie down in the dirt along with him and them, which Governor Banks indorsed, has been accepted. It was managed very adroitly, so as to avoid debate, being brought on late at night and put through without many members knowing what was to pay. As one of its favorers was overheard to say, "it was a devilish good hit!" But I do not think there was spirit (or *spunk*, if you prefer the word) in the House to have made any effectual opposition had it been brought before them in the broadest daylight. Such is the strength of the social influences of a city like Boston on the tender nature of rural membership! So we shall have a grand Inauguration before long, with the Burns Guard at the head and the Sims Brigade at the tail, and an Oration by Mr. Everett—cessing for a moment to go about with his hat for Mr. John A. Washington—in the middle, and the foundations of the brazen Man of the Seventh of March will seem to be established forever. But perhaps not. Though the villanous badness of the statue may be regarded as a qualified punishment at once of Mr. Webster and of the State, it will endure only for a season. The Anti-Slavery battle may be fought just as well over this *Websterolatry* as anything else. If I do not much mistake, Mr. Webster will be on trial for his later misdeeds before the Legislature for as many years as is necessary to dismiss his molten image from the grounds of the Commonwealth. People thought we should never get Judge Loring turned out; but we did, and I rather think it will not take as long to get a joint resolution passed directing the sergeant-at-arms to take this intruder into custody and remove him from the premises of the State. And then we'll have a counter celebration—a *Disinauguration*, if there be such a word—and if there be not, we will coin it for the occasion, as medals are struck to commemorate great events. I flatter myself I shall have topics for many letters out of this new mine, thus kindly opened for me.

The vote rejecting the proposition to buy the Hancock House was reconsidered and finally passed in a modified form. That is, it was to be referred to a commission, consisting of the Governor and certain other great officers of State, and to be purchased, if they thought advisable, and to be put to such use as they judged best, only it was *not* in any case to be made the residence of the Governor. This was put in to satisfy the unfriends of Mr. Banks, who thought that he would like to be the successor of Hancock in his house. Afterwards an amendment was carried requiring the unanimous consent of the commissioners to the completion of the purchase. And, as it was said that one of them was mortally opposed to the project, it is supposed it was made for the purpose of stabbing the plan under the fifth rib, under the pretence of friendly dispositions towards it. But it is hardly likely that one man would choose to take the responsibility of defeating a plan like this on a mere point of expediency, as it could hardly be made a case of conscience. I should think that the best possible use that the house could be put to would be to make it a Governor's House. I told you in my last letter of the visit I paid to it, with a distinguished party. Numerous as we were, we were most hospitably entreated and shown over the house with the most attentive politeness. It is a fine specimen of the gentleman's house of a century ago. The walls are panelled, with a good deal of wood-carving; the ceilings high; the embrasures for the windows deep, with the good old window-seats, on which our grandfathers and grandmothers loved to flirt. The walls were hung with family portraits. A fine Copley of John Hancock perhaps might be secured to go as an heir-loom with the house. There are two beautiful portraits of Thomas Hancock, uncle of John, who made the fortune for him, and of his wife, in *pastel*. A good deal of furniture remains as it was in the old Signer's time. The hall is very large and finely proportioned, and the staircase a delight to feet brought up on the cork-screw precipices which pass for stairs, now-a-days. Still, handsome and substantial as the house is, it is not on a scale to make it necessarily beyond the moderate salary we allow our Chief Magistrate. Of course, it should be properly furnished and kept in order by the State. So I trust that, in some better future time, it may be appropriated to that purpose yet. I shall be much disappointed if I do not take up my abode there, when I am elected Governor of the State—of course, after the establishment of the Republic of the North.

D. Y.

THE BUTLER SLAVE SALE—NORTHERN SLAVEHOLDERS.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SCHENECTADY, March 28, 1859.

I SEE by THE STANDARD that the report of the Butler Slave Sale is to be circulated in tract form. It is also said that this same Butler was and is a prominent member of a Christian Church. If this be true, the fact should go forth with the tract. It appears to me this is very important. The most invulnerable coat of mail among professing Christians, and with which they justify their opposition to all abolition agitation, is, "there is no *need* of preaching against slavery *here*"—"*we* have no slavery"—"*we* are all anti-slavery," &c. &c.

I have no desire to do injustice to the Churches, but I have no doubt that, in many Churches in our Northern cities and large towns, there are many slaveholders, sitting "squat like toads," who only need a touch of Ithuriel's spear to make them start up in all their ugliness.

I shall not be surprised to hear that those disturbers of Dr. Cheever's Church are largely interested in slavery; they may have hundreds of slaves at the South, or in Cuba; or, perhaps, may have large investments in the slave trade. At any rate, I think they should be watched; and if, at some future time, it should come out that by such "craft they have their wealth," the cause of their opposition to "abolition preaching" will be manifest.

I hope you will not consider these suggestions impertinent. I simply say what I think the cause of truth and righteousness demands.

I wish every family in the free States might be supplied with the tract; and also (to show that we of the *North* have something to do with slavery) that the fact that PIERCE M. BUTLER "*is in full communion with the Church of the Epiphany [Philadelphia], and is very active in the Sunday School, Choir, Bible classes, and other associations of the Parish—that he was a Vestryman, that he voted for the expulsion of Mr. Tyng and had his place supplied by a clerical slaveholder from South Carolina, who became the Rector*," might go with it.

Yours, &c., E. P. FREEMAN.

MISS WATKINS AND THE CONSTITUTION.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

IN a late private letter, Miss FRANCES E. WATKINS, speaking of having read Wendell Phillips's Extracts from the Madison Papers, uses the following language, which I hope she will excuse me for asking you to publish. J.

"I never saw so clearly the nature and intent of the Constitution before. Oh, was it not strangely inconsistent that men fresh, so fresh, from the baptism of the Revolution should make such concessions to the foul spirit of Despotism! that, when fresh from gaining their own liberty, they could permit the African slave trade—could let their national flag hang a sign of death on Guinea's coast and Congo's shore! Twenty-one years the slaveships of the new Republic could gorge the sea monsters with their prey; twenty-one years of mourning and desolation for the children of the tropics, to gratify the avarice and cupidity of men styling themselves free! And then the dark intent of the fugitive clause veiled under words so specious that a stranger unacquainted with our nefarious government would not know that such a thing was meant by it. Alas for these fatal concessions. They remind me of the fabulous teeth sown by Cadmus—they rise, armed men, to smite. Is it a great mystery to you why these things are permitted? Wait, my brother, awhile; the end is not yet. The Psalmist was rather puzzled when he saw the wicked in power and spreading like a Bay tree; but how soon their end! Rest assured that, as nations and individuals, God will do right by us, and we should not ask of either God or man to do less than that. In the freedom of man's will I read the philosophy of his crimes, and the impossibility of his actions having a responsible moral character without it; and hence the continuance of slavery does not strike me as being so very mysterious."

OBITUARY.

JOHN ARCHIBALD, Lord Murray, one of the legal celebrities of Scotland, is no more. He died at his own house in Edinburgh, on the 9th of March, aged 81.

His generous charities and numerous plans of public usefulness were not confined to his own country, but extended, with his friendship, to foreign lands, where his benignant countenance became known to friends of our great cause as that of one whose moral sense knew no geographical limitations. Early and late his name was associated with liberality and freedom—in youth with the creation of the *Edinburgh Review*—in age with the support of the American Anti-Slavery Society, on whose roll of Edinburgh subscribers it was one of his last year's acts to place his name.

He it was whom FRANCIS HORNER honored by an appeal for sympathy, when, half a century ago, "the liberties of England were mouldering away, and the institutions of Europe stiffening into barbarism." "Write to me often, my dear Murray," said Horner, at that time, "for the gratifications of private affection are untouched by these revolutions; and though they give a sadder cast to one's conversation, they cannot impair our confidence and freedom."

A deeply interesting sketch of Lord Murray's life may be found in the London *Daily News* of March 14.

TRACTS FOR THE TIMES.

WE ask the particular attention of the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause to the following new series of tracts, just issued by the AMERICAN and MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETIES. They afford an excellent opportunity and means of aiding the cause, and of disseminating its great truths and principles. A little money expended in them may be made to accomplish a great good. These tracts may all be had at the following low prices: by the *hundred*, $2; *dozen*, 30 cts.; *single*, 3 cts. Apply at the Anti-Slavery Offices, 21 Cornhill, Boston, and 138 Nassau street, New York.

GREAT AUCTION SALE OF SLAVES AT SAVANNAH, GEORGIA. Reported for *The Tribune*.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE FREE COLORED PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES. By Rev. James Freeman Clarke.

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, before the Committee on Federal Relations, of the Massachusetts Legislature, in behalf of the Petition for a Law against Slave-hunting.

NO FETTERS IN THE BAY STATE. Speech of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, on the same occasion.

SPEECH OF CHARLES C. BURLEIGH at the Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society—"No Slave-hunting in the Old Bay State."

SPEECH OF REV. HENRY BLEBY, Missionary to Barbadoes, on the Results of Emancipation in the British West India Colonies.

SLAVERY AND THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS. By C. K. W.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, BOSTON. By C. K. W.

MR. EBBINGHAUS, PHOTOGRAPHER.—In our notice, last week, of Mr. Ebbinghaus's photographic likeness of the late Judge Jay, there was an error which we hasten to correct. Mr. Ebbinghaus's gallery is not at 445, but 945, Broadway. If the picture of Judge Jay is a fair specimen of his work, as we have no reason to doubt that it is, he deserves a high rank in the class of artists to which he belongs.

SLAVE CASE IN PHILADELPHIA.

WE exceedingly regret our inability to give an account, this week, of the trial of an alleged fugitive slave, named Daniel Webster, who was arrested at Harrisburg on Saturday last and brought to Philadelphia, upon a warrant issued by U. S. Commissioner Longstreth of that city. At the present writing (Wednesday, 2 p. m.) the decision of the case, which has been before the Commissioner since Monday morning, has not been announced in this city; but we have no doubt that Daniel Webster will be surrendered to his man-stealing claimant.

The case is an aggravated one in many respects, and we expect from our Philadelphia correspondent, in time for our next issue, a careful account thereof. At the moment of preparing for the press we cannot find room for any part of the report furnished by the Philadelphia papers; and, on the whole, we think it best to defer the whole matter till next week, when we shall have time and space to deal with it according to its importance.

Later.—The fugitive has been released, the Commissioner thinking the evidence of identity insufficient. The public indignation may, perhaps, have exerted a wholesome influence upon the Commissioner.

CORRECTION.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DEAR SIR: Please allow me to correct the statement, incidentally made in the last number of THE STANDARD, that I was one of the original founders of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society. Though I became a member of that Society at an early period of its existence, I have not the honor of being one of its founders, as, at the time of its organization, I was a resident of the city of Boston. Respectfully yours, MARY GREW.

Philadelphia, April 2d, 1859.

ERRONEOUS REPORT.—An article from *The Liberator*, bearing the well-known initials of Charles K. Whipple, will be found on the first page, containing the statement that Dr. Cheever, at a "Christian Anti-Slavery Meeting" held in Boston in the spring of 1857, declared "that *the voting that all children of slaves should be born free after forty years* would be 'THE SIMPLEST REMEDY OF THE WHOLE INIQUITY THAT COULD BE CONCEIVED OF.'" Dr. Cheever being in our office the other day, we called his attention to this statement, when he pronounced it a mistake. That he spoke at the time alluded to of such a scheme for abolishing slavery as one which, if adopted by the South, would evince a determination on her part to be rid of the system, and would be likely to satisfy the half-awakened North, he thinks quite possible; but that he ever intimated that such a scheme would answer the requisitions of the Word of God or be satisfactory to himself, he emphatically denies. It is only just to Dr. Cheever that this derial should be published side by side with Mr. Whipple's statement. If Mr. Whipple, in consequence of this denial, has any further statement to make, our columns are open to him. It is not necessary for us to say that he is incapable of designedly or consciously misrepresenting Dr. Cheever or anybody else.

A DONKEY FOR A PARSON!—*The New York Observer*, replying in a solemn way to the objections urged by some persons against preaching in theatres, says:

"We said to a venerable divine, whose name is familiar to all our readers, as we looked on four or five thousand people gathered to hear the gospel in the Academy of Music, 'What do you think of this?' With deep solemnity he answered, 'I am in favor of going down to the mouth of hell, and raking away from it all the souls we can.'"

Think of the deep moral blindness, the solemn stupidity of mind which could find in the Academy of Music a suggestion of "the mouth of hell!" *That* preacher, we venture to say, could dole out arguments for slavery from the Scriptures with an unction that would delight the soul of a Legree! With what a solemn face he would talk of the "imprudence," the "fanaticism," the "denunciatory spirit" of Dr. Cheever, and the "infidelity" of the Abolitionists!

THE *Milwaukee Free Democrat* has passed from the hands of S. M. Booth, who has been its proprietor and responsible editor for ten years, to those of C. L. Sholes and L. L. Crounse. Mr. Sholes has been the working editor of the paper for two years, and, under his control, it will continue to be what it has been hitherto, an earnest advocate of Republicanism in its highest and best party phase—the opponent of every device for allaying anti-slavery agitation.

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE closes for the present with the letter in another column. It has, we believe, given general satisfaction to the readers of THE STANDARD, and we doubt not they will all be glad to learn that it is likely to be resumed at the opening of the next session of Congress. We may, also, have an occasional letter before that time. The writer is a shrewd observer of passing events, who never fails to distinguish between the husk and the kernel; a man of high moral aims, who subordinates every party interest to the great principles of freedom and humanity.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for April.

THERE is a disappointment in the poem of this number; if, indeed, it be, as it seems, from the same mind that produced "Camille." This "Prayer for Life" is, as a whole, too metaphysical in its passion, too reflective and impersonal in its presentation of its idea, too rough and seemingly unskilful in its construction, too labored in its march and too pedantic in its working, to be other than a failure on the whole, although it opens so well.

"Oh, let me not die young!
Full-hearted, yet without a tongue,
* * * * * * *
With all that song unsung!"

Such words as "gyre," "venenate," "cyclic," "sciential," "germen," are they, or are they not, fearfully ill-chosen for poetical expression? and are not rhymes like "spices" and "Isis," "splendor" and "tender" and the like, fitter for the Ingoldsby Legend style of writing, than for "A Prayer for Life?" But away with logomachy, for there is enough of almost all the constituents of poetry in these three pages to have made a poem, and it is a sorrow to see it fall short. Why is it? for lack of skill or power, or because of a greater fitness for action than for writing?

Still, there is wisdom in these lines. Take, for example, the verses which declare youth to be the true age of prophecy. There is also much aspiration, as in the verses which speak of what earth asks and needs, and much mistake of her conditions.

There are some very beautiful expressions; such as this, on the value of experience:

"——Only the years, the imperturbable,
Impassionate years, can sheane the scattered rays
Into one sun—the mingled arrows tell
Each to his quiver."

And again:

"——Though the reluctant years
May never crown my throbbing brows with white,
Nor round my shoulders turn the golden light
Of my thick locks to Wisdom's royal ermine,"
* * * * * * *

"Yet" (and it becomes preferable to follow the lines in prose which give a list of religious experiences and sentiments, and to say on the approach of death, that, let it come in bed or in battle)

"I cannot now die young."

Mr. Palfrey's History of New England has been carefully reviewed, but the full result is not communicated to us. There is too great a reticency respecting certain passages. It may have been counselled by friendship, but is it true friendship to suppress any hint that this book is rather an apology for the Pilgrim Fathers than a History of New England? That great soul, Sir Henry Vane, that great genius, Mrs. Hutchinson, who both, in virtue of their greatness, discerned the essence of things in a way impossible to Winthrop's inferiority, even supposing him to have been as good—these great personages, these good persons should not have been so summarily dismissed by the reviewer as "unmeet persons," nor judged by Mr. Palfrey on the testimony of their enemies whom they so nearly overcame. Their crime seems to have been that they knew no such essential difference between Lord Pope, Lords Bishops, or Lords Brethren, as that the tyranny of the last should be more readily submitted to than that of the two first. They knew and *felt* that things that are equal to the *same* things are equal to one another; and one "went down Tower-Hill like a prince, thanking God, as he laid his head upon the block, that he had not deserted the righteous cause for which he suffered"; while the meaner-souled Winthrop was sending forth the other into the wilderness among the savages, at whose hand she died. And this fate they met rather than consent to lower the Commonwealth into a formalism in Church and a despotism in State akin to that of the Papacy.

Mr. Palfrey pictures the necessity the Winthrop party were under to be tyrants. Had they not been so, people like them would never have followed them hither. This presentation of the future in *Terrorem* is of course equally open to the Hutchinson side. To us it seems a far more terrible misfortune that the ascendancy of the Winthrop party should have kept away the lovelier and grander order of mind and heart that would have followed Vane and Hutchinson to New England. Our land has suffered to this hour from the worse than Papal bigotry which made it a sin to say a minister could do or teach anything wrong, or a woman be permitted to teach anything whatever; and thus was the ill example set of judging men not according to lives lived nobly and honorably, in freedom of speech and association, but according to the presumed tendency of an imagined doctrinal identity with a perhaps falsely accused sect of times long gone by.

In such cases, men's crime lies in their great virtue—in the fact of taking leave to differ when tyranny demands conformity.

The able article on Agrarianism does not fully dispose of the question—What is the civil or military servant of a Republican government he believes in to do in case of insurrection?

Lamartine had the moral genius that can sometimes stave off a physical solution of such a question. Cavaignac, good and dutiful, had it not. The method of non-resistance never having dawned upon him, he had only the old military one. Neither of these high-minded men could make opposites unite—and both saw that force is not liberty, but despotism. Both did as *they* could; satisfied to fail rather than succeed by the courses common to men of base characters and contemptible abilities. "*Il ne faut pas beaucoup d'habileté pour être tyran*," says LA BRUYERE; and never was a truer word. The *test* is, *de se tirer dignement de l'affaire*.

The moral of all which would seem to be that a good man, a great man, must do only as *he* can. *He* must not be found in situations which only baseness can obtain, and only unscrupulousness can fill; nor must we who review his conduct deem success a test of sound judgment in his case. It is often, too, the special proof of superior goodness, and high statesman-like qualification *not* to succeed in one's own especial part of the great chronological movement. Calculate the loss of your own moves, that the game may be completely won in the next century. And this, too, seems, in some sense, like the Christian Gospel plan, so-called.

After all, what is success, and what its measure? Greedy as the French are said to be of glory, the final abolition of slavery and of the death penalty for political offences is surely glory enough for any one government, though it endured a hundred years.

The great feature of the *Atlantic Monthly* now is Mrs. Stowe's Novel, "The Minister's Wooing." There is, to be sure, an allowance to be made for the possibility of the delusion that *ever* makes a great writer's last work seem the best; possibly, too, men in the thick of the battle are in no state of mind to judge of stories about it; but so it is, that this novel, being one remove farther from positive actuality, seems to be better, as a work of art, than Uncle Tom. Michelet, in his so much and so variously discussed last work, L'Amour, declares Uncle Tom to have been "a gospel of freedom to whole races of men." Foreign statesmen affirmed it to be quite as much or more in the nature of a political pamphlet as in that of a novel: thus far, "The Minister's Wooing," is more truly and successfully a novel than either "Uncle Tom" or "Dred." Children and fools, say the Scotch, should not see work half done; and certain it is that wise men are wiser not to judge of it in that state; so it is well to forbear; but the fatality which, because founded in the nature of things, makes the old classic model so powerfully effective in literature is already visible hovering over the story. There is promise of unity of action, and "a good plot as ever was laid." The element of distance comes in so as to beautify without obscuring; for, although the scene is laid so long ago, there are still to be found, in secluded corners of the land, specimens of that same New England formalism; and Mrs. Stowe has copied it at first hand.

The extract on the fourth page, which we make because germane to these columns, is perfect and inimitable.

Summary.

The Church Anti-Slavery Society offers a premium of $100 for the best tract showing that the Bible gives no warrant or allowance for chattel slavery. Manuscripts should be sent to Rev. Henry T. Cheever, Jewett City, Ct., by the first of June.

EXODUS OF SLAVES.—We learn from *The Keokuk Gate City* that a drove of seventy fugitive slaves, from the northern counties of Missouri, passed through Burlington, Iowa, last Sunday morning, on their way to the land of freedom.

There is a curious report from Utah, in the correspondence of a San Francisco paper, to the effect that Brigham Young keeps within doors through fear of his life; that several of the leading Mormons are apostatizing; and that life and property are unsafe in the Territory.

A SPUNKY WOMAN.—We learn from the Middletown (Pa.) *Journal* that a woman appeared at the polls there on election day, and claimed a right to vote on the ground of being a tax-payer. She is opposed to the doctrine of "taxation without representation," and thinks all lady tax-payers ought to be entitled to the elective franchise. We admire her "spunk."

In Oregon, lately, one Mr. Elijah Dodson, of Yandhill County, petitioned the Legislature for a divorce from his wife; but after the bill granting it had passed one House, he addressed a memorial to the other, begging a stay of proceedings after the following fashion: "After my best respects, I wish to inform you that my old woman has returned and I have found her all right; and if our petition has not been taken up, be so good as not to take it up, and not proceed any further without my order."

In his recent charge to the jury in the Stephens murder case, Judge Roosevelt, with remarkable candor, said: "We have the *highest authority* for saying, 'all that a man hath will he give for his life.'" Now, by reference to the 2d chapter and 4th verse of the book of Job, we find the "high authority" referred to by the Judge: "And *Satan* answered the Lord and said, skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life."—*Utica Herald, April 2.*

The slaveholders of the parish of St. Landry, La., held a meeting recently, at which they resolved that the laws in regard to free negroes must be so amended that hereafter any free person of color who should be duly convicted of any offence against the laws, by a court of competent jurisdiction, should be sold by the sheriff of the parish in which he was tried, to the last and highest bidder, as a slave, either for life or for a term of years, in accordance with the nature of the offence.

TEMPERANCE.—The friends of temperance in Jefferson, Ohio, lately held a meeting to consider what should be done to stop the sale of intoxicating drinks in that place. A committee of gentlemen and ladies was appointed, with the venerable Joshua R. Giddings at its head, to wait on all those engaged in the traffic, and to endeavor to persuade them to comply with the law. The efforts of the committee proved successful; the dealers surrendered their stock of liquors on being paid therefor, at the same time agreeing to sell no more, and the fiery liquids were spilled in the street.

THE MISSIONARY BRIG MORNING STAR A FAILURE.—There are sorry accounts from the Sandwich Islands concerning the brig Morning Star, the missionary packet lately built by the contributions of the Sunday School children in the Atlantic States. The Honolulu *Commercial Advertiser* says she had put into that port for repairs. Not only were the timbers so rotten that they could be easily picked to pieces with the fingers, but the whole stern was a most curious combination of patchwork, made up of the refuse odds and ends of a ship yard.

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD.—About a week ago, a man and his wife passed through Manchester, N. H., on the underground train for Canada. They were sadly in need of food, clothing and sympathy, whereupon the religious societies at their Sunday evening meetings nullified the Fugitive Slave law by taking up contributions and bidding them God speed. One member, eminent for his piety, declined to assist in this beautiful act of charity, fearing that he should violate the Constitution. There will have to be a special dispensation to save that man.—*Worcester (Mass.) Spy.*

ARREST OF A FUGITIVE SLAVE.—A fugitive slave, named Mason Barbour, was arrested on Thursday, about eight miles from Columbus, by Deputy U.S. Marshal Jacob K. Lowe, who brought him to Cincinnati yesterday, and, having perfected the necessary papers, accompanied him into Kentucky, where the human chattel was delivered up to the authorities in due form and process of law. The prisoner was about forty-five years old, and is owned by a Virginia planter named Absalom Ridgely, who lives within twenty miles of Wheeling, from whom Barbour escaped on or about the 20th July, 1856. Wonder the fellow did not follow the leading of the North Star.—*Cincinnati Press, March 26.*

ANTI-SLAVERY CELEBRATION.—It is announced that the "Anti-Slavery and States Rights" people will celebrate the birth-day of Jefferson at the Parker House, Boston, on the afternoon and evening of the 13th of April. Ex-Governor Boutwell has consented to preside, and Gov. Banks, Senator Wilson, and other distinguished gentlemen of the State, are expected to be present. Invitations have been extended to Senators Seward, Hale, Fessenden, Hamlin, Anthony, King, Wade, Mr. Giddings, Hon. Thomas Davis of Providence, Hon. G. A. Grow, Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, Gov. Bingham of Michigan, Gov. Morgan of New York, Gov. Chase of Ohio, and many other distinguished friends of the cause.—*Mass. Spy.*

The *Edgefield* (S. C.) *Advertiser* says that the oldest person in that part of the State "is 'Old Aunt Lizzie,' the property of Mrs. Gray of this village. Aunt Lizzie is thought to be nearly one hundred and twenty years old. She was a woman of some years at the time of the fall of Charleston during the Revolution. She often tells of having been then pressed into the service among many other negroes employed in throwing up breastworks, digging ditches, &c. She had then been imported several years, and had been the mother of two or three children before she left Africa."

EXCITEMENT AT HOLLY SPRINGS.—We are informed that a merchant of Boston obtained a requisition from the Governor of Massachusetts on the Governor of Mississippi, for the body of a merchant at Holly Springs, who was charged with obtaining goods under false pretences from the Boston merchant. The proper writ was granted by the Governor of Mississippi to an agent of the Boston merchant. Armed with this writ, the agent proceeded to Holly Springs last week, and made the arrest.

On his arrival there, his business was soon found out, a public meeting called, and resolutions adopted to the effect that Massachuset

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

THE PRAYER OF THE BONDMEN.

BY A. GIBBS CAMPBELL.

Oh! God! Look down and see
Outraged Humanity
'Neath the Oppressor's rod!
Give ear, O God!
To the despairing cries
Which ever rise
From thy down-trodden sons
And helpless ones,
Whose hope 's alone in Thee.
Oh! set us free!
Thou who proud Pharaoh's hosts
And scornful boasts
Didst whelm beneath the wave,
And Israel save
From their oppressors' power,
In darkest hour
Baring thy gracious arm,
To save from harm
The chosen of Thy heart,
Take now our part!

Let us not always be
Ground down by tyranny,
Victims of mighty wrong!
Thou know'st how long
Our heavy load we've borne
Of grief and scorn;
Our heavy load of shame—
Our very name
A nation's idle jest,
While on us rest
A nation's fraud and force!
Without remorse
They tread us in the dust!
Our hopes are crushed.
Yet our sad souls to Thee
Despairingly
Still turn; for only Thou
Can'st help us now.
Let us not call in vain
Thine aid to gain.

Oh! God! Let not Thine ire,
In bolts of vengeful fire,
Rain on each tyrant's head!
Though we have bled,
We ask not blood!
Let not a flood
Destroy, as when of old
Thine eye beheld
The world's increasing crime!
Spare for a time!
Alas! their cup is filled—
Their ruin willed,
Willed by their own proud hearts.
Thy vengeful darts
Shall fall upon them. They
Who erst did prey
Upon us, soon shall feel,
Yea, sorely feel
Thy chastisement, and woe
Shall yet be free!
To Thee the glory be,
The praise to Thee!

MOTHER CŒLIA.

BY EDMUND QUINCY.

A few weeks since I paid a visit to a revered and beloved relative, who enjoys the evening of a long and well-spent life, in one of the most beautiful of our inland towns. Our conversation was chiefly of the past. We talked of the people and customs of times which preceded the Revolution; of the siege of Boston; of General Washington and Dr. Franklin; and of the officers of the French fleet, who, at a later period, were in habits of intimate intercourse with the family of her father—my great-grandfather, at Braintree, now Quincy.

Among other things, we talked of the "patriarchal system," as it existed in New England, seventy years since. She told me of the attention which was paid to the religious instruction of her father's slaves; of their attachment to the family (which, however, did not prevent their running away upon occasion); and of the kind treatment they received. Distinctions, however, were made between them and the white servants, and they always sat at separate tables, though they were on the best possible terms.

My aunt spoke with particular affection of one of the slaves, who was her nurse, and who was known in the family as Mother Cœlia. I had before heard of Mother Cœlia; for an uncertain tradition had come down in the nursery of the family, even to my times, about her. I well remember the mysterious idea I had of her, as a child; and that, after dark, I would have made any reasonable circuit to avoid passing through the room in which she was said to have died. My aunt, at my request, gave me a connected account of her; some particulars of which seem to me worth preserving.

Cœlia was brought to Boston from Africa at seven years of age, and was immediately purchased by my great-grandfather. In his family she remained till her death. She believed that she was made of the true porcelain clay of Africa, and that she would have been entitled to the rank and precedence of a princess of the blood, had she remained in that country; and her opinion was confirmed by a sort of *tattooing*, supposed to be peculiar to royalty. She was an uncommonly handsome woman, of a strong mind and a true heart. She had, too, as good an education as was generally thought necessary at that period for women in any rank of life; that is to say, she had been taught to read and write. She received into her arms the members of a numerous family at their birth, and closed the eyes of many of them in death. She tenderly loved her master and his children, and was regarded by them rather as an humble friend than as a slave; but her high spirit could never become reconciled to her servile condition. The draught of slavery was still bitter, though commended to her lips by a kind and friendly hand.

Mother Cœlia would gather the little inhabitants of the nursery around her, and tell them how, at their tender age, she was literally taken by force out of her father's arms, and carried away into a strange land, and sold into hopeless captivity.

"I do not tell you these things, my dears," she would add, "to make you think hardly of your father for buying me; for he only did what everybody else does, and he has always been a good master to me; but when you grow up, don't you buy slaves."

"From that time," said my excellent aunt, "I have been an Abolitionist."

Cœlia, in the course of her pilgrimage, had been married, and had ten children, all of whom died young. One day, my aunt, when sitting at play by her side in the nursery, said in all the heedlessness of childhood: "Mother Cœlia, are you not sorry that all your children are dead?"

"No, my dear," she replied, turning quickly upon her; "no, my dear; I do not want slaves to live!"

Just before the revolutionary war broke out, when liberty was as familiar in men's mouths as it now is, and somewhat nearer their hearts, many of the slaves throughout New England were unreasonable enough to think that the principles which they heard daily maintained applied to blacks as well as whites, and unscrupulously helped themselves to their freedom. Of this number were most of the slaves of my great-grandfather. He was a zealous Whig; and, to the credit of his consistency, be it told, he took no measures for the recovery of his "property."

Cœlia had made up her mind to follow their example, when her intentions came to the ear of her master. He, in all kindness, expostulated with her on her determination. He told her he should make no opposition to her plan, if she chose to adhere to it; but he reminded her that they had grown old together; that she had ever received the kindest treatment at his hands; and he described to her the difference she would find in her situation, when entirely dependent on her own industry for support, compared with what it would be if she had him to look up to.

"I know very well," said he, "that you can get a good living in Boston as a cook or confectioner, as long as your strength lasts; but the time must soon arrive when you will be too old to work; and your health may fail before that time comes. In such an event, you must be left to the charity of strangers, or come upon the parish; whereas, if you remain in my service, you may depend upon being treated, in age or in sickness, with the same tenderness I would bestow on a sister or a daughter. If you persist in your intention of leaving me, I shall give my consent; but I wish you to take a few days to reflect upon what I have said, and then decide."

These arguments, combined with her affection for her master's family, prevailed over her thirst for freedom, and she remained with him to the end of her days.

A few years after, she was seized with her last illness. On her death-bed her master addressed her to this effect: "Cœlia, did I not advise you well? You have now in your last sickness all the comforts and luxuries which my fortune can command, or that I would bestow on my wife or daughter. Are you not satisfied that you are much better off now than you would have been had you taken your freedom, as you wished?"

"No, sir," replied the slave, turning her dying eyes upon her master—"No, sir; for then I should have died FREE!"

I do not know whether others will deem these traits worthy of a record; but it appears to me, if these replies had been made by a Roman Matron, carried captive to Carthage, or into Pontus, historians would have inscribed them upon their pages, and Cœlia would have been as honored a name upon the lips of all posterity as those of Arria or Cornelia.

1840.

LINES

To those Men and Women who were avowed Abolitionists in 1831, '32 '33, '34 and '35.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

[The reader will recollect how the fiery cross of Clan-Alpine was hurried through the land by messengers, who paused neither for joy nor sorrow, life nor death, till the signal had warned every clansman of approaching battle.]

Ye glorious band! ye chosen few!
On whom God's Spirit came—
Endowed with heart so bold and true,
And tongues of living flame;

How memory kindles to review
The strife of recent years!
As the torch of Truth went struggling through
Contending doubts and fears.

That torch, like Alpine's fiery cross,
Flew fast from hand to hand—
Through deadly peril, pain and loss,
It lightened round the land.

Men saw the kindling watch-fires burn
From rivers to the sea,
And paused 'mid wordly gain to learn
Whence all this light could be.

They heard the stunning roar and clash
Of elements contending;
They saw the burning glare and flash
Sin's secret caverns rending.

Then rose the loud discordant yell
Of selfishness and power;
The light too strong upon them fell,
In God's own searching hour.

In civil garb, or priestly guise,
The aged and the youth,
The prudent and the worldly wise
Combined against the Truth.

Ye smiled to see the war they waged,
And scorned their rash design;
Ye knew how vainly Hell had raged
Against a truth divine.

Right valiantly ye kept your path,
And bore the beacon high,
While roaring in tumultuous wrath,
The stormy waves rushed by.

Boldly ye sent the signal forth!
Nor flashed the fire in vain;
For the South, answering to the North,*
Reflected it again.

Now the whole land is filled with light,
And converts come like dew;
God grant the torch may burn as bright
As when our names were few!

In sooth, it somewhat grieves my heart
That the world is coming in,
With its polluting, prudent art
Of compromise with sin.

For oh, it was a solemn joy
That tide of sin to turn!
A holy and a blest employ
To make those watch-fires burn!

God bless you with his love divine,
Dear brethren, tried and true!
And grant your light may brighily shine,
As when our names were few.

1837.

*James G. Birney, James A. Thome, Dr. Nelson, Mr. Taylor, Angelina and Sarah Grimke, all anti-slavery lecturers and agents, from the slaveholding States.

SIMEON BROWN'S ORTHODOXY TESTED.

THE FAITHFUL MINISTER AND HIS SLAVE TRADING PARISHIONER.

[Among the readers of THE STANDARD there are, doubtless, not a few subscribers to *The Atlantic Monthly*, to whom the following extract from Mrs. STOWE'S story, "The Minister's Wooing," will not be new; but we cannot resist the temptation to print it for the edification of the still larger number who are not likely to see it in that work. The minister whose fidelity is so admirably depicted by Mrs. Stowe is not a fictitious character by any means; the original of the sketch being none other than that celebrated theologian of the last century, the Rev. SAMUEL HOPKINS, D.D., of Newport, R. I.—*Ed. Standard.*]

"What a shame it is," said Dr. H., "what a scandal and disgrace to the Protestant religion, that Christians of America should openly practice and countenance this enslaving of the Africans! I have for a long time holden my peace—may the Lord forgive me!—but I believe the time is coming when I must utter my voice. I cannot go down to the wharves or among the shipping without these poor dumb creatures look at me so that I am ashamed—as if they asked me what I, a Christian minister, was doing, that I did not come to their help. I must testify."

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Scudder considered the Doctor as a superior being, possessed by a Loly helplessness in all things material and temporal, which imposed on her the necessity of thinking and caring for him, and prevising the earthly and material aspects of his affairs.

There was not in Newport a more thriving and reputable business at that time than the slave trade. Large fortunes were constantly being turned out in it, and what better Providential witness of its justice could most people require?

Beside this, in our own little church, she reflected with alarm that Simeon Brown, the richest and most liberal supporter of the society, had been, and was then, drawing all his wealth from this source; and rapidly there flashed before her mind a picture of one and another, influential persons, who were holders of slaves. Therefore, when the Doctor announced, "I must testify," she rattled her tea-spoon uneasily, and answered—

"In what way, Doctor, do you think of bearing testimony? The subject, I think, is a very difficult one."

"Difficult? I think no subject can be clearer. If we were right in our war for liberty, we are wrong in making slaves or keeping them."

"Oh, I did not mean," said Mrs. Scudder, "that it was difficult to understand the subject; the *right* of the matter is clear, but what to *do* is the thing."

"I shall preach about it," said the Doctor; "my mind has run upon it some time. I shall show to the house of Judah their sin in this matter."

"I fear there will be great offence given." said Mrs. Scudder. "There's Simeon Brown, one of our largest supporters—he is in the trade."

"Ah, yes—but he will come out of it—of course he will—he is all right, all clear. I was delighted with the clearness of his views the other night, and thought then of bringing them to bear on this point—only, as others were present, I deferred it. But I can show him that it follows logically from his principles; I am confident of that."

"I think you'll be disappointed in him, Doctor; I think he'll be angry, and get up a commotion, and leave the church."

"Madam," said the Doctor, "do you suppose that a man who would be willing even to give up his eternal salvation for the greatest good of the universe could hesitate about a few paltry thousands that perish in the using?"

"He may feel willing to give up his soul," said Mrs Scudder, naively, "but I don't think he'll give up his ships—that's quite another matter—he won't see it to be his duty."

"Then, Ma'am, he'll be a hypocrite, a gross hypocrite, if he wont," said the Doctor. "It is not Christian charity to think it of him. I shall call upon him this morning and tell him my intentions."

"But, Doctor," exclaimed Mrs Scudder, with a start, "pray, think a little more of it. You know a great many things depend on him. Why! he has subscribed for twenty copies of your 'System of Theology.' I hope you'll remember that."

"And why should I remember that?" said the Doctor—hastily turning round, suddenly enkindled, his blue eyes flashing out of their usual misty calm—"what has my 'System of Theology' to do with the matter?"

"Why," said Mrs. Scudder, "it's of more importance to get right views of the gospel before the world than anything else, is it not? and if, by any imprudence in treating influential people, this should be prevented, more harm than good would be done."

"Madam," said the Doctor, "I'd sooner my system should be sunk in the sea than it should be a millstone round my neck to keep me from my duty. Let God take care of my theology; I must do my duty."

And as the Doctor spoke, he straightened himself to the full dignity of his height, his face kindling with an unconscious majesty, and as he turned, his eye fell on Mary, who was standing with her slender figure dilated, her large blue eye wide and bright, in a sort of trance of solemn feeling, half smiles, half tears—and the strong, heroic man started, to see this answer to his higher soul in the sweet, tremulous mirror of womanhood. One of those lightning glances passed between his eyes and hers which are the freemasonry of noble spirits—and, by a sudden impulse, they approached each other. He took both her outstretched hands, looked down into her face with a look full of admiration, and a sort of naive wonder—then, as if her inspired silence had been a voice to him, he laid his hand on her head, and said—

"God bless you, child! 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger!'"

The Doctor went immediately to his study and put on his best coat and his wig, and, surmounting them by his cocked hat, walked manfully out of the house, with his gold-headed cane in his hand.

"There he goes!" said Mrs. Scudder, looking regretfully after him. "He is *such* a good man! but he has not the least idea how to get along in the world. He never thinks of anything but what is true; he hasn't a particle of management about him."

"Seems to me," said Mary, "that is like an Apostle. You know, mother, St. Paul says, 'In simplicity and godly sincerity, not with fleshly wisdom, but by the grace of God, we have had our conversation in the world.'"

"To be sure—that is just the Doctor," said Mrs. Scudder; "that's as like him as if it had been written for him. But that kind of way, somehow, don't seem to do in our times; it won't answer with Simeon Brown—I know the man. I know just as well, now, how it will all seem to him, and what will be the upshot of this talk, if the Doctor goes there! It won't do any good; if it would, I would be willing. I feel as much desire to have this horrid trade in slaves stopped as anybody; your father, I'm sure, said enough about it in his time; but then I know it's no use trying. Just as if Simeon Brown, when he is making his hundreds of thousands in it, is going to be persuaded to give it up! He won't—he'll only turn against the Doctor, and won't pay his part of the salary, and will use his influence to get up a party against him, and our church will be broken up and the Doctor driven away—that's all that will come of it; and all the good that he is doing now to these poor negroes will be overthrown—and they never did have so good a friend. If he would stay here and work gradually, and get his System of Theology printed—and Simeon Brown would help at that—and only drop words in season here and there, till people are brought along with him, why, by-and by something might be done; but now, it's just the most imprudent thing a man could undertake."

"But, mother, if it really is a sin to trade in slaves and hold them, I don't see how he can help himself. I quite agree with him. I don't see how he came to let it go so long as he has."

"Well," said Mrs. Scudder, "if worst comes to worst, and he will do it, I, for one, shall stand by him to the last."

"And I, for another," said Mary.

"I would like him to talk with Cousin Zebedee about it," said Mrs. Scudder. "When we are up there this afternoon, we will introduce the conversation. He is a good, sound man, and the Doctor thinks much of him, and perhaps he may shed some light upon this matter."

Meanwhile the Doctor was making the best of his way, in the strength of his purpose to test the orthodoxy of Simeon Brown.

Honest old granite boulder that he was, no sooner did he perceive a truth than he rolled after it with all the massive gravitation of his being, inconsiderate as to what might lie in his way; from which it is to be inferred that, with all his intellect and goodness, he would have been a very clumsy and troublesome inmate of the modern American Church. How many societies, boards, colleges, and other good institutions, have reason to congratulate themselves that he has long been among the saints!

With him logic was everything, and to perceive a truth and not act in logical sequence from it a thing so incredible, that he had not yet enlarged his capacity to take it in as a possibility. That a man should refuse to fear truth he could understand. In fact, he had good reason to think the majority of his townsmen had no leisure to give to that purpose. That men bearing truth should dispute it and argue stoutly against it, he could also understand; but that a man could admit a truth and not admit the plain practice resulting from it was to him a thing incomprehensible. Therefore, spite of Mrs. Katy Scudder's discouraging observations, our good Doctor walked stoutly and with a trusting heart.

At the moment when the Doctor, with a silent uplifting of his soul to his invisible Sovereign, passed out of his study, on this errand, where was the disciple whom he went to seek?

In a small, dirty room, down by the wharf, the windows veiled by cobwebs and dingy with the accumulated dust of ages, he sat in a greasy, leathern chair by a rickety office-table, on which was a great pewter inkstand, an account-book, and divers papers tied with red tape.

Opposite to him was seated a square-built individual—a man of about forty, whose round head, shaggy eyebrows, small, keen eyes, broad chest, and heavy muscles showed a preponderance of the animal and brutal over the intellectual and spiritual. This was Mr. Scroggs, the agent of a rice-plantation, who had come on, bringing an order for a new relay of negroes to supply the deficit occasioned by fever, dysentery, and other causes, in their last year's stock.

"The fact is," said Simeon, "this last ship-load wasn't as good a one as usual; we lost more than a third of it, so we can't afford to put them a penny lower."

"Ay," said the other—"but then there are so many women!"

"Well," said Simeon, "women a'n't so strong, perhaps, to start with—but then they stan' it out, perhaps, in the long run, better. They're more patient; some of these men, the Mandingoes, particularly, are pretty troublesome to manage. We lost a splendid fellow, coming over, on this very voyage. Let 'em on deck for air, and this fellow managed to get himself loose and fought like a dragon. He settled one of our men with his fist, and another with a marlinespike that he caught—and, in fact, they had to shoot him down. You'll have his wife; there's his son, too—fine fellow, fifteen year old by his teeth."

"What! that lame one?"

"Oh, he a'n't lame!—it's nothing but cramps from stowing. You know, of course, they are more or less stiff. He's as sound as a nut."

"Don't much like to buy relations, on account of their hatching up mischief together," said Mr. Scroggs.

"Oh, that's all humbug! You must keep 'em from coming together, anyway. It's about as broad as 'tis long. There'll be wives and husbands and children among 'em before long, start 'em as you will. And then this woman will work better for having the boy; she's kinder set on him; she jabbers lots of lingo to him, day and night."

"Too much, I doubt," said the overseer, with a shrug.

"Well, well—I'll tell you," said Simeon, rising. "I've got a few errands up-town, and you just step over with Matlock and look over the stock; just set aside any that you want, and when I see 'em all together, I'll tell you just what you shall have 'em for. I'll be back in an hour or two."

And so saying, Simeon Brown called an underling from an adjoining room, and, committing his customer to his care, took his way up-town, in a serene frame of mind, like a man who comes from the calm performance of duty.

Just as he came upon the street where was situated his own large and somewhat pretentious mansion, the tall figure of the Doctor loomed in sight, sailing majestically down upon him, making a signal to attract his attention.

"Good morning, Doctor," said Simeon.

"Good morning, Mr. Brown," said the Doctor. "I was looking for you. I did not quite finish the subject we were talking about at Mrs. Scudder's table last night. I thought I should like to go on with it a little."

"With all my heart, Doctor," said Simeon, not a little flattered. "Turn right in. Mrs. Brown will be about her house-business, and we will have the keeping-room all to ourselves. Come right in."

The "keeping-room" of Mr. Simeon Brown's house was an intermediate apartment between the ineffable glories of the front-parlor and that court of the gentiles, the kitchen; for the presence of a large train of negro servants made the latter apartment an altogether different institution from the throne-room of Mrs. Katy Scudder.

This keeping-room was a low-studded apartment, finished with the heavy oaken beams of the wall left full in sight, boarded over and painted. Two windows looked out on the street, and another into a sort of court-yard, where three black wenches, each with a broom, pretended to be sweeping, but were, in fact, chattering and laughing, like so many crows

On one side of the room stood a heavy mahogany sideboard, covered with decanters, labelled Gin, Brandy, Rum, etc.—for Simeon was held to be a provider of none but the best, in his housekeeping. Heavy mahogany chairs, with crewel coverings, stood sentry about the room; and the fireplace was flanked by two broad arm-chairs, covered with stamped leather.

On ushering the Doctor into this apartment, Simeon courteously led him to the sideboard.

"We mus'n't make our discussions too *dry*, Doctor," he said. "What will you take?"

"Thank you, sir," said the Doctor, with a wave of his hand—"nothing this morning."

And depositing his cocked hat in a chair, he settled himself into one of the leathern easy-chairs, and dropping his hands upon his knees, looked fixedly before him, like a man who is studying how to enter upon an inwardly absorbing subject.

"Well, Doctor," said Simeon, seating himself opposite, sipping comfortably at a glass of rum-and-water, "our views appear to be making a noise in the world. Everything is preparing for your volumes; and when they appear, the battle of New Divinity, I think, may fairly be considered as won."

Let us consider that, though a woman may forget her first-born, yet a man cannot forget his own system of theology—because therein, if he be a true man, is the very elixir and essence of all that is valuable and hopeful to the universe; and considering this, let us appreciate the settled purpose of our friend, whom even this tempting bait did not swerve from the end which he had in view.

"Mr. Brown," he said, "all our theology is as a drop in the ocean of God's majesty, to whose glory we must be ready to make any and every sacrifice."

"Certainly," said Mr Brown, not exactly comprehending the turn the Doctor's thoughts were taking.

"And the glory of God consisteth in the happiness of all his rational universe, each in his proportion according to his separate amount of being; so that, when we devote ourselves to God's glory, it is the same as saying that we devote ourselves to the highest happiness of his created universe."

"That's clear, sir," said Simeon, rubbing his hands, and taking out his watch to see the time.

The Doctor hitherto had spoken in a laborious manner, like a man who is slowly lifting a heavy bucket of thought out of an internal well.

"I am glad to find your mind so clear upon this all-important point, Mr. Brown—the more so as I feel that we must immediately proceed to apply our principles, at whatever sacrifice of worldly goods; and I trust, Sir, that you are one who at the call of your Master would not hesitate even to lay down all your worldly possessions for the greater good of the universe."

"I trust so, Sir," said Simeon, rather uneasily, and without the most distant idea what could be coming next in the mind of his reverend friend.

"Did it never occur to you, my friend," said the Doctor, "that the enslaving of the African race is a clear violation of the great law which commands us to love our neighbor as ourselves—and a dishonor upon the Christian religion, more particularly in us Americans, whom the Lord hath so marvellously protected, in our recent struggle for our own liberty?"

Simeon started at the first words of this address, much as if some one had dashed a bucket of water on his head, and after that rose uneasily, walking the room and playing with the seals of his watch.

"I—I never regarded it in this light," he said.

"Possibly not, my friend," said the Doctor, "so much doth established custom blind the minds of the best men. But since I have given more particular attention to the case of the poor negroes here in Newport, the thought has more and more labored in my mind—more especially as our own struggles for liberty have turned my attention to the rights which every human creature hath before God—so that I find much in my former blindness and the comparative dumbness I have heretofore maintained on this subject wherewith to reproach myself; for, though I have borne somewhat of a testimony, I have not given it that force which so important a subject required. I am humbled before God for my neglect, and resolved now, by His grace, to leave no stone unturned till this iniquity be purged away from our Zion."

"Well, Doctor," said Simeon, "you are certainly touching on a very dark and difficult subject, and one in which it is hard to find out the path of duty. Perhaps it will be well to bear it in mind, and by looking at it prayerfully some light may arise. There are such great obstacles in the way, that I do not see at present what can be done; do you, Doctor?"

"I intend to preach on the subject next Sunday, and hereafter devote my best energies in the most public way to this great work," said the Doctor.

"You, Doctor?—and now, immediately? Why, it appears to me you cannot do it. You are the most unfit man possible. Whosever duty it may be, it does not seem to me to be yours. You already have more on your shoulders than you can carry; you are hardly able to keep your ground now, with all the odium of this new theology upon you. Such an effort would break up your church—destroy the chance you have to do good here—prevent the publication of your system."

"If it's nobody's system but mine, the world won't lose much, if it never be published; but if it be God's system, nothing can hinder its appearing. Besides, Mr. Brown, I ought not to be one man alone. I count on your help. I hold it as a special providence, Mr. Brown, that in our own church an opportunity will be given to testify to the reality of disinterested benevolence. How glorious the opportunity for a man to come out and testify by sacrificing his worldly living and business! If you, Mr. Brown, will at once, at whatever sacrifice, quit all connection with this detestable and diabolical slave trade, you will exhibit a spectacle over which angels will rejoice, and which will strengthen and encourage me to preach and write and testify."

Mr. Simeon Brown's usual demeanor was that of the most leathery imperturbability. In calm theological reasoning, he could demonstrate, in the dryest tone, that, if the eternal torment of six bodies and souls were absolutely the necessary means for preserving the eternal blessedness of thirty-six, benevolence would require us to rejoice in it, not in itself considered, but in view of greater good. And when he spoke, not a nerve quivered; the great mysterious sorrow with which the creation groaneth and travelleth, the sorrow from which angels veil their faces, never had touched one vibrating chord either of body or soul; and he laid down the obligations of man to unconditional submission in a style which would have affected a person of delicate sensibility much like being mentally sawn in sunder. Benevolence, when Simeon Brown spoke of it, seemed the grimmest and unlovelicst of Gorgons; for his mind seemed to resemble those fountains which petrify everything that falls into them. But the hardest-shelled animals have a vital and sensitive part, though only so large as the point of a needle; and the Doctor's innocent proposition to Simeon, to abandon his whole worldly estate for his principles, touched this spot.

When benevolence required but the acquiescence in certain possible things which might be supposed to happen to his soul, which, after all, he was comfortably certain never would happen, or the acquiescence in certain suppositious sacrifices for the good of that most intangible of all abstractions, Being in general, it was a dry, calm subject. But when it concerned the immediate giving up of his slave ships and a transfer of business, attended with all that confusion and loss which he foresaw at a glance, then he *felt* and felt too much to see clearly. His swarthy face flushed, his little blue eye kindled, he walked up to the Doctor and began speaking in the short, energetic sentences of a man thoroughly awake to what he is talking about.

"Doctor, you're too fast. You are not a practical man, Doctor. You are good in your pulpit—nobody better. Your theology is clear—nobody can argue better. But come to practical matters, why, business has its laws, Doctor. Ministers are the most unfit men to talk on such subjects; it's departing from their sphere; they talk about what they don't understand. Besides, you take too much for granted. I'm not sure that this trade is an evil. I want to be convinced of it. I'm sure it's a favor to these poor creatures to bring them to a Christian land. They are a thousand times better off. Here they can hear the gospel and have some chance of salvation."

"If we want to get the gospel to the Africans," said the Doctor, "why not send whole ship-loads of missionaries to them, and carry civilization and the arts and Christianity to Africa, instead of stirring up wars, tempting them to ravage each other's territories, that we may get the booty? Think of the numbers killed in the wars—of all that die on the passage! Is there any need of killing ninety-nine men to give the hundredth one the gospel, when we could give the gospel to them all? Ah, Mr. Brown, what if all the money spent in fitting out ships to bring the poor negroes here, so prejudiced against Christianity that they regard it with fear and aversion, had been spent in sending it to them, Africa would have been covered with towns and villages, rejoicing in civilization and Christianity!"

"Doctor, you are a dreamer," replied Simeon, "an unpractical man. Your situation prevents your knowing anything of real life."

"Amen! the Lord be praised therefor!" said the Doctor, with a slowly increasing flush mounting to his cheek, showing the burning brand of a smouldering fire of indignation.

"Now let me just talk common-sense, Doctor—which has its time and place, just as much as theology, and if you have the most theology, I flatter myself I have the most common-sense; a business man must have it. Now just look at your situation—how you stand. You've got a most important work to do. In order to do it, you must keep your pulpit, you must keep our church together. We are few and weak. We are a minority. Now there's not an influential man in your society that don't either hold slaves or engage in the trade; and if you open upon this subject as you are going to do, you'll just divide and destroy the church. All men are not like you; men are men, and will be, till they are thoroughly sanctified, which never happens in this life—and there will be an instant and most unfavorable agitation. Minds will be turned off from the discussion of the great saving doctrines of the gospel to a side issue. You will be turned out—and you know, Doctor, you are not appreciated as you ought to be, and it won't be easy for you to get a new settlement, and then subscriptions will all drop off from your book, and you won't be able to get that out; and all this good will be lost to the world, just for want of common-sense."

"There is a kind of wisdom in what you say, Mr. Brown," replied the Doctor, naively; "but I fear much that it is the wisdom spoken in James, iii. 15, which 'descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish.' You avoid the very point of the argument, which is, Is this a sin against God? That it is, I am solemnly convinced; and shall I 'use lightness?' or the things that I purpose do I purpose according to the flesh, that with me there should be yea, yea, and nay, nay?' No, Mr. Brown, immediate repentance, unconditional submission, these are what I must preach as long as God gives me a pulpit to stand in, whether men will hear or whether they will forbear."

"Well, Doctor," said Simeon, shortly, "you can do as you like; but I give you fair warning, that I, for one, shall stop my subscription, and go to Dr. Stiles's church."

"Mr. Brown," said the Doctor, solemnly, rising, and drawing his tall figure to its full height, while a vivid light gleamed from his blue eye, "as to that, you can do as you like; but I think it my duty, as your pastor, to warn you that I have perceived, in my conversation with you this morning, such a want of true spiritual illumination and discernment as leads me to believe that you are yet in the flesh, blinded by that 'carnal mind' which 'is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.' I much fear you have no part nor lot in this matter, and that you have need, seriously, to set yourself to search into the foundations of your hope; for you may be like him of whom it is written (Isaiah, xliv. 20), 'He feedeth on ashes; a deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand?'"

The Doctor delivered this address to his man of influence with the calmness of an ambassador charged with a message from a sovereign, for which he is no otherwise responsible than to speak it in the most intelligent manner; and then, taking up his hat and cane, he bade him good morning, leaving Simeon Brown in a tumult of excitement which no previous theological discussion had ever raised in him.

WHAT WE LACK.

Translated for THE STANDARD from the German of GEIBEL.

"Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing."

In careless, empty coldness, the whole world sunken lies,
Inspired by the Holy Ghost no ardent voice now cries;
And Poesy, the gentle child, far distant now has fled,
The heavens seem gray and lowering, the sun and moon seem dead.
Who greatly saw and greatly wrought, within their graves they sleep,
And now above their sepulchres a race of dwarfs we creep.
Now naught remains save the ill art to doubt and censure all;
And if a Giant rises, all labor for his fall.

Well search ye, and would gladly the mighty secret know,
From what deep hidden fountain the streams of evil flow;
Ye hasten busy here and there and heaps chaotic form,
And by your wisdom's cunning ye think the heavens to storm;
But see—one peal of thunder—only one lightning's flash—
The Pelion and Ossa of your wisdom earthward dash.

But in good sooth I tell you, 'twill ne'er change while still your eye
You raise not from the dust of earth up to the heavens on high;
Till to Love, the mighty Conqueror, you shut your heart no more,
But become as little children, her gentle sway before.
For where Love makes her dwelling blooms an eternal spring;
There green are all the forests, there all the brooklets sing;
What from the world was hidden she maketh now appear,
In twilight gloom she seeth the rosy morning near.
She sets all sounds to music, makes crowds to measures move;
Clear-ringing, mounteth upward her song to Heaven above.
A child is she—a hero, with arms unconquered, too;
And since in wonders she believes, so can she wonders do.

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

THE FIRST MODERN MAN-STEALER.—John de Castile has the infamy of standing first on the list of those whose villanies have disgraced the annals of commerce. Having made a voyage to the Canaries in 1447, he was dissatisfied with the cargo he procured, and, by way of indemnification, seized twenty of the natives of Gomera, who had assisted him, and brought them as slaves to Portugal. Prince Henry, however, resented this outrage; and after giving the captives some valuable presents of clothes, restored them to freedom and their native country.

——FOLLY.—Sir Joshua Reynolds being asked how he would personate Folly in a painting, replied that he would represent a man climbing over a wall at the risk of his neck, with an open gate close by, through which he might walk with ease and safety.

"Folly's son a thousand times
O'er the wall of danger climbs:
'Lo, the door!' Experience cries;
'Let me mount,' the fool replies:
Once more he climbs—he falls—he dies."

——In Bavaria, the laws concerning marriage and property are so severe that thousands cannot acquire sufficient to enable them to pay the priest and sheriff. If a young girl, born in one duchy, removes to another, she cannot marry a citizen of the place to which she has removed without paying a sum which few among the lower classes can command; and this is why we see, in so many instances, young men married to old women who have, by a former husband, acquired the means of purchasing the citizenship of a second. A woman with this advantage will offer herself to a young man in the factory or shop where he has served his apprenticeship; and if he declines her proposals, he will be dismissed from service.

——CONSCIENCE.—No person ever did a kind, a benevolent, a humane or a charitable action without feeling a consciousness that it was good; it creates a pleasure in the mind that nothing else can produce; and this pleasure is the greater from the act which causes it to be veiled from the eye of the world. It is the delight which angels feel when they wipe away the tear from affliction or warm the heart with joy. On the other hand, no person ever did or said an unkind or mischievous thing who did not feel that he had done wrong. This kind of feeling is a natural monitor, and never will deceive if due regard be paid to it; and one good rule which you should bear in mind and act up to as much as possible is, never to say anything which you may afterwards wish unsaid, or do what you may afterwards wish undone.—*Admiral Lord Collingwood.*

——In his life of Milton, Professor Masson tells two good stories of the jolly Corbet, Bishop, first of Oxford, then of Norwich: "Riding once in a coach in a very dirty lane in wet weather with a Dr. Stubbins, who was one of his cronies, and a jolly fat doctor, he had a breakdown, the results of which he describ'd by saying that, on recovering his senses, he found Stubbins up to the elbows in mud, and himself up to the elbows in Stubbins. His chaplain, Dr. Lushington, was a very learned, ingenious man, and they loved one another. The Bishop would sometimes take the key of the wine cellar, and he and his chaplain would sometimes lock themselves in and be merry; then first he lays down his hood, 'there lies the Doctor'; then he puts off his gown, 'there lies the Bishop!' then 'twas, 'here's to thee, Corbet'; 'here's to thee, Lushington.'"

——The writer of a pleasing paper in the *Quarterly Review* on the Life and Writings of Johnson does justice to some features in the character of that extraordinary man which are not generally appreciated: "A few rude speeches sink into insignificance when compared with a charity which was only bounded by his means. 'He loved the poor,' writes Mrs. Thrale, 'as I never yet saw any one else do.' As he said of Levett, he was 'of every friendless name the friend.' Besides his in-door pensioners he had a number of out-door dependants; and when his own funds were exhausted, he wrote innumerable letlets to solicit the contributions of his acquaintances. He frequently bestowed all the silver in his pocket upon the miserable beings who waylaid him on his passage from his house to the tavern where he dined. He one night found a woman of abandoned character lying exhausted in the street, and, lifting her up, he conveyed her on his back to his own house, had her nursed till she recovered her health, and then obtained her a situation."

——Dr. Esdaile, a celebrated mesmerist, died recently in England, aged 50. An English paper says of him: "In 1837, the facts of mesmerism began to be copiously presented to the British public, and reported in the newspapers and medical journals. They attracted his attention; he examined the matter experimentally, and, becoming assured of its truth, he devoted himself to its study. His first results were published in the *Indian Medical Journal* for June, 1845. His first trial was casual. On seeing a felon in agony after a surgical operation, he thought he would try to mesmerise the poor creature, who knew not what the process meant, and yet presently exhibited the very phenomena which he witnessed in England. After this Dr. Esdaile performed a very large number of surgical operations—some of them absolutely gigantic—without pain. Enormous tumors are common in India, and Dr. Esdaile cut them away by wholesale, and with perfect success, the patient knowing nothing about the matter till, on awakening they saw their tumors lying upon the floor. A mesmeric committee was appointed by government to investigate his facts. He satisfied them, and was placed at the head of a Mesmeric Hospital. After his return from India, where he spent many years, he lived in privacy, first in Scotland, and ultimately in Sydenham."

——*Fraser* thinks it is most depressing and miserable work, getting up by candlelight. It is impossible to shave comfortably; it is impossible to have a satisfactory bath; it is impossible to find anything you want. Sleep, says Sancho Panza, covers a man all over like a mantle of comfort; but rising before daylight envelops the entire being in petty misery. An indescribable vacuity makes itself felt in the epigastric regions and a leaden heaviness weighs upon heart and spirits. It must be a considerable item in the hard lot of domestic servants to have to get up through all the winter months in the cold dark house: let us all be thankful to them through whose humble labors and self-denial we find the cheerful fire blazing in the tidy breakfast-parlor when we find our way down stairs. The same apartment looked cheerless enough when the housemaid entered it two hours ago. It is sad when you are lying in bed of a morning, lazily conscious of that circulating amplitude of comfort, to hear the chilly cry of the poor sweep outside; or the tread of the factory hands shivering by in their thin garments towards the great cotton-mill glaring spectral out of its many windows, but at least with a cosy suggestion of warmth and light."

——FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.—At first I thought she was a nun, from her black dress and close. She was not introduced, and yet Edmund and I looked at each other at the same moment to whisper, "It is Miss Nightingale!" Yes, it was Florence Nightingale, greatest of all now in name and honor among women. I assure you that I was glad not to be obliged to speak just then, for I felt quite dumb as I looked at her wasted figure, and the short brown hair combed over her forehead like a child's, cut so when her life was despaired of from fever but a short time ago. Her dress, as I have said, was black, made high to the throat, its only ornament being a large enamelled brooch, which looked to me like the colors of a regiment surmounted with a wreath of laurel, no doubt some grateful offering from our men. To hide the close white cap a little, she had tied a white crape handkerchief over the back of it, only allowing the border of lace to be seen; and this gave a nun-like appearance, which first struck me on her entering the room, otherwise Miss Nightingale is by